

JUNE

1940

BIG SHOT COMICS

NO. 2

10c

AMERICA'S FINEST COMIC FEATURES!

SAY, CHARLIE,
DO YOUSE THINK
MARVELO CAN GET US
DOWN OFF THIS RUG?



THE SKYMAN



DIXIE DUGAN



SPYMASTER



THE FACE



ANOTHER THRILLING
AND UNUSUAL
ADVENTURE OF

THE SKYMAN!

WEB COMIC UNIVERSE.COM



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VINCENT SULLIVAN, *Editor*

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SKYMAN

by PAUL DEAN

ACROSS THE AIRWAYS OF AMERICA FLAMES A NEW AND TERRIBLE FIGURE-BOOTTED, HELMETED, AND ARMED WITH A WEAPON THAT CAN PARALYSE OR KILL AS ITS USER DIRECTS—THE SKYMAN!

THE ATASIMATIC PARALYSING GUN OF THE SKYMAN!

FOREIGN PLANES! WHAT WOULD THEY BE DOING HERE—UNLESS THOSE RUMORS OF AN AIR INVASION ARE TRUE? I'LL TAKE A LOOK IN MY TELEVISI-RADIO!

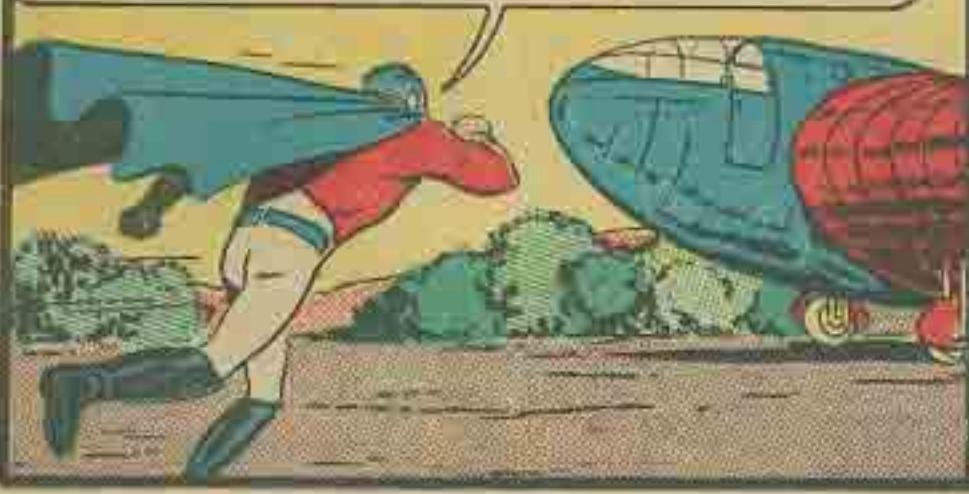


DIRECTING HIS BEAM NORTHWARD ALONG THE COSMIC RAYS...

A COMPLETE AERIAL BASE IN THE ARCTIC... THEY'RE SENDING PLANES TO SEARCH OUT OUR DEFENSES!



I'LL BET THOSE FOREIGNERS PLAN A SUDDEN AIR ATTACK ON THE U.S.A.'S INDUSTRIAL CENTERS TO CRIPPLE THE NATION IN CASE OF WAR—which WILL COME RIGHT AWAY!



I'LL FOLLOW THOSE PLANES IN THE WING—AND PREVENT THEIR RETURNING TO THEIR AIR BASE!



OVER THE COASTAL DEFENSE GUNS OF THE UNITED STATES HE PURSUES HIS QUARRY!

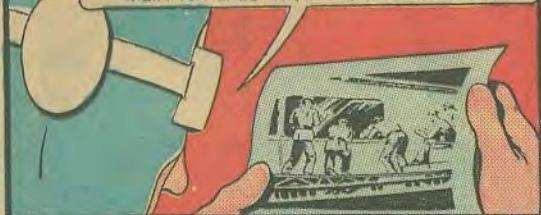


THE SKYMAN WORKS LIKE A MADMAN OVER A STRANGE DEVICE. BY MY USE OF THE HIGH-SPEED NEUTRONIC BEAM, THIS CAMERA CAN LOOK INTO THOSE PLANES AND PHOTOGRAPH WHAT GOES ON!



USING A RADIUM RAY THE SKYMAN DEVELOPS HIS PICTURES IN AN INSTANT AND SEES THE PLANES' INTERIORS!

THEY'RE TAKING SHOTS OF OUR COASTAL DEFENSES!
I'VE GOT TO STOP THEM BEFORE THEY GET BACK TO THEIR AIR BASE WITH THE INFORMATION!

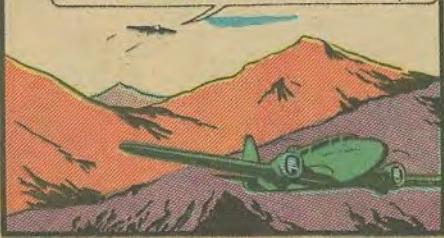


HE DECLARIES HIS OWN WAR IN THE MODERN MANNER,
TREATING SPIES AS THEY DESERVE!



THE ENEMY FLEET IS SHOT OUT OF THE SKY, ALL EXCEPT ONE!

I'LL FOLLOW HIM TO THE AIR BASE - I WANT TO KNOW ITS EXACT LOCATION!



WE'RE OVER JONES SOUND - OUR DESTINATION MUST BE GRANT LAND! THAT PLANE MUST NEVER REACH THERE —



DEATH VISITS THE LAST OF THE SPYING PLANES...



SCREENED BEHIND TALL FIR TREES THE WING LANDS NEAR THE AERIAL BASE.



I BROUGHT SKIS ALONG TO GET ME OVER THE ICE AND SNOW FASTER. I MAY NEED TO GET AWAY IN A HURRY!



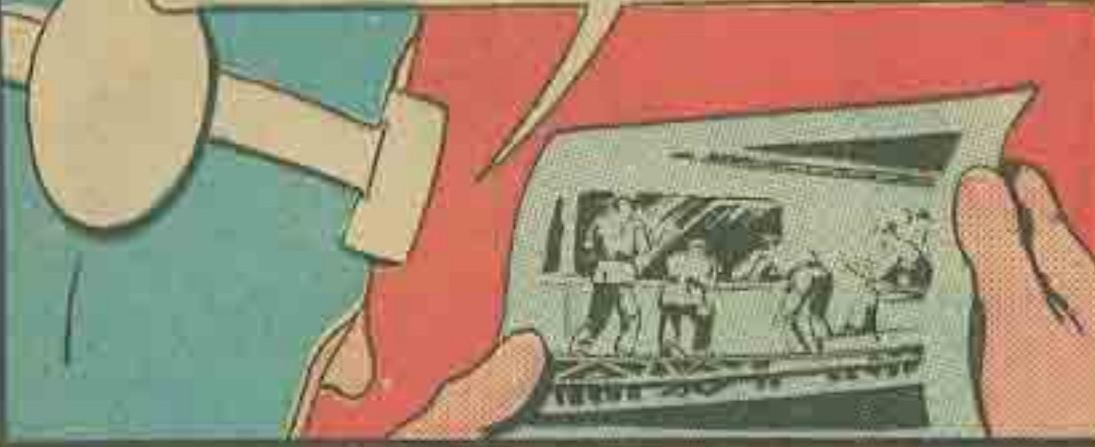
WHEN NIGHTFALL DARKENS THE SKY, A WEIRD FIGURE CREEPS CLOSE TO THE LOG CABIN —

. THIS IS THE COMMANDER'S CABIN —



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WHEN NIGHTFALL DARKENS THE SKY, A WEIRD FIGURE CREEPS CLOSE TO THE LOG CABINS —

THIS IS THE COMMANDER'S CABIN —



HUMAN VOICES CAUSE VIBRATIONS IN GLASS WINDOWS. BY USING THIS LITTLE INSTRUMENT THAT BREAKS THOSE VIBRATIONS DOWN TO HUMAN SYLLABLES, I CAN HEAR—



INSIDE THE CABIN—

THE RECONNAISSANCE FLIGHT SHOULD HAVE BEEN BACK BY NOW.

WHAT SHALL WE DO GENERAL?

TAKE A SMALL SQUAD ALREADY AND MOW THEM DOWN AT ONCE!



THE SKYMAN ENTERS THE COMMANDING OFFICER'S CABIN—



THAT'LL HOLD YOU WHILE I LOOK AROUND!



DETAILS OF THE PURPORTED ATTACK / MINUTE DOWN TO NUMBERS OF SHIPS AND FIGHTING EQUIPMENT / I'LL BORROW THIS—



— AND I'LL BORROW THE GENERAL TOO! WITHOUT HIM THEY HAVE NO BRAINS TO DIRECT AN ATTACK!



BACK TO THE WING, SKIES THE SKYMAN—



UH— OH...

HE'S REGAINING CONCIOUSNESS / PERHAPS HE CAN ANSWER A FEW QUESTIONS!



-SO DON'T EXPECT YOUR FLIGHT SQUADRON BACK!

YOU DID THAT! YOU -ONE MAN AGAINST A SQUADRON! I DON'T BELIEVE IT!

BUT I DID- AND I CAPTURED YOU WHEN YOU THOUGHT YOURSELF SECURE! AND I'M GOING TO SMASH YOUR ENTIRE AIR BASE TO BITS- UNLESS YOU TALK! WHO IS IN BACK OF THIS INVASION?

I WON'T TALK- SO FORGET THAT!



AT 800 MILES AN HOUR, THE SKYMAN RACES SOUTH-



OVER ARMY HEADQUARTERS THE WING TILTS EARTHWARD



I OFFER YOU AN ENEMY, GENTLEMAN- A MAN WHO IS THE LEADER OF AN INTENDED AIR ATTACK ON THE UNITED STATES!

W-WHAT?/ YOU'RE SURE ABOUT THAT?

HE LIES!

THEIR ENCAMPMENT IS HERE-ON GRANT LAND. TAKE AT LEAST FIVE SQUADRONS- AND A FLIGHT OF BOMBERS!

GAD - IT'S INCREDIBLE!



THE CAPTURED GENERAL THREATENS THE SKYMAN-

YOU THINK YOU'VE WON, EH? YOU HAVEN'T! YOU'RE GOING TO BE A MIGHTY SICK MAN TOMORROW!

NICE, PLEASANT SORT OF FELLOW, HUH?



NOW WHAT COULD HE HAVE MEANT BY THAT CRACK ABOUT TO-MORROW, UNLESS-UNLESS THEY PLAN AN AIR ATTACK TO-NIGHT! BUT-WHERE WILL IT COME?



ALONG THE ATLANTIC COAST, CRUISES THE WING —

NEW YORK IS A VULNERABLE CITY—
AND ALSO THE GATEWAY TO THE
NATION! THE ATTACK SHOULD COME HERE.

AT LAST I'VE PICKED THEM UP, THEY'RE
HEADING TOWARD MASSACHUSETTS, FOR
THE MANUFACTURING TOWNS THERE!



OVER THE MASSACHUSETTS BORDER ROAR
THE FOREIGN BOMBERS!



THE WING ATTACKS — DESTROYING ALL BUT ONE BOMBER!

I THOUGHT THE GENERAL WAS THE LEADER OF THESE
BOMBERS, BUT APPARENTLY HE ISN'T IF THEY FLY
ON A BOMBING FLIGHT WITHOUT HIS DIRECTIONS!



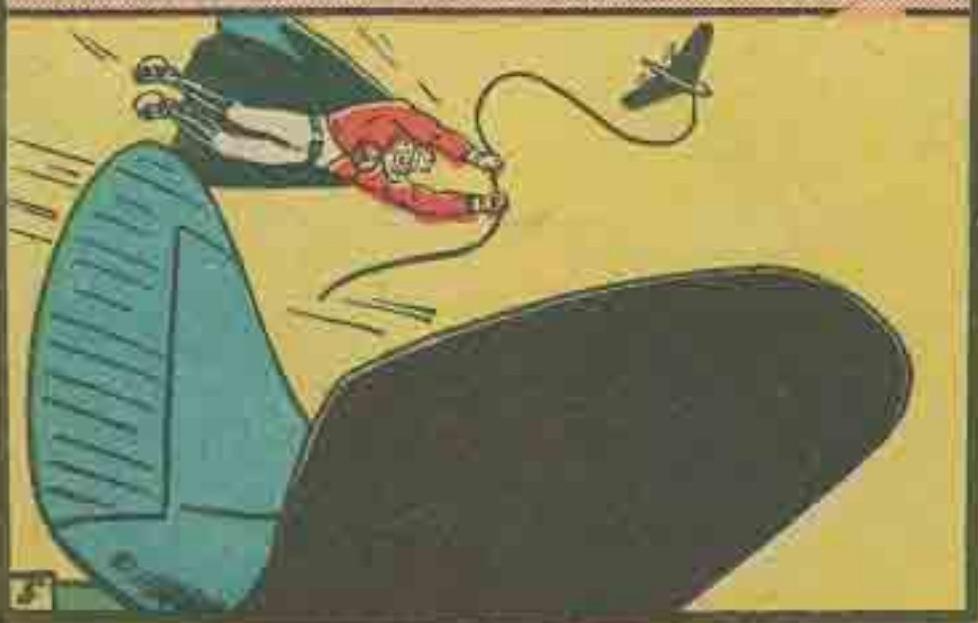
HE FASTENS SPECIALLY MADE SHOES WITH RUBBER
SUCTION PADS ON THEIR SOLES TO HIS FEET!



FIXING THE AUTOMATIC
CONTROLS OF THE WING,
THE SKYMAN REGULATES
ITS SPEED TO THAT OF
THE BOMBER — SO THAT
AS THE BOMBER FLIES,
SO FLIES THE WING.
IF THE BOMBER SHIFTS
ITS COURSE — THE WING,
BY A MAGNETIC MOTOR
CONTROL DEVICE FOLLOWS
THE NEW COURSE, ALWAYS
REMAINING A FIXED
DISTANCE ABOVE THE
OTHER PLANE..



THE SKYMAN TRANSFERS PLANES IN MIDAIR...



HE HEARD MY BODY LIGHT ON THE PLANE
AND HE'S TRYING TO SHAKE ME LOOSE, BUT
THE RUBBER SHOES WERE MADE FOR THIS!



HOW'D YOU
GET IN HERE?

NEVER MIND THAT! WHO'S
DIRECTING THESE BOMBING
FLIGHTS OF YOURS?



WASTING LITTLE TIME IN SYMPATHY, THE SKYMAN
SEIZES THE PILOT IN STEEL FINGERS!

I'M IN NO MOOD TO TROUBLE!
EITHER YOU TALK OR...

OUCH! I—
I'LL TALK!



KARL KORFORD IS OUR CHIEF. HE STAYS
AT THE WALLDOME HOTEL IN NEW YORK!
HE'LL BE THERE NOW—I SWEAR IT!



LEARNING THE INFORMATION HE SOUGHT, HE IS READY
FOR ANOTHER ATTACK—THIS TIME ON KARL KORFORD!

I'LL SEND THIS BOMBER FAR OUT TO SEA—AND
BRING YOU ALONG AS CAPTIVE! NOW TO GET
YOU UP TO THE WING WHICH FLIES ABOVE US!



THE SKYMAN TAKES HIS CAPTURED PILOT ABOARD THE WING—



THEN POINTS ITS NOSE TOWARD MANHATTAN..

I'LL FIX MY ROBOT CONTROLS TO KEEP
THE WING STATIONARY IN MIDAIR WHEN
I REACH THE WALLDOME HOTEL!



USING THE
MAGNETIC
ATTRACTION
OF THE NORTH
AND SOUTH
POLES, THE
SKYMAN CAN
CAUSE THE
WING TO
REMAIN AT A
STANDSTILL IN
MIDAIR—WHILE
HE DROPS
TO THE
WALLDOME
HOTEL
BELOW...



- GOOD IF I DO—
AND I DID!



THE WINDOW IN FRONT OF HIM OPENS—AND A GUN IS THRUST INTO THE SKYMAN'S FACE!

THE—THE SKYMAN! I'LL BLAST YOU TO—

YOU WEREN'T EXPECTING THE STORK, WERE YOU?

ACTING WITH THE SPEED OF THOUGHT, THE SKYMAN REACHES UPWARD!

EEEE! HELP—LET GO—YOU'LL DRAG ME OVER THE SILL!

YOU'RE A MINDREADER! THAT'S JUST WHAT I HAD IN MIND!



HE DRAGS HIS VICTIM CLEAR OF THE WINDOW—

I'M SORRY—BUT THERE ISN'T ROOM FOR TWO OF US HERE!



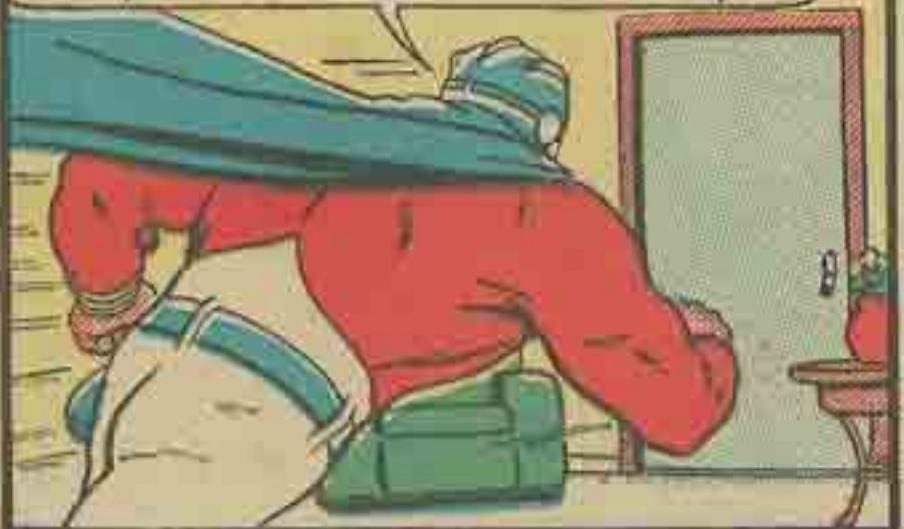
THE WOULD-BE-MURDERER FALLS TO HIS DEATH!

BRRR! I FEEL BADLY ABOUT THAT FELLOW—BUT I COULDN'T LET HIM SHOOT ME!

AAAAAAGH!!



IF MEN ARE ARMED WITH GUNS THEY MUST BE PROTECTING SOMETHING. IN THIS CASE, KARL KORFORD PERHAPS!



YOU—THE SKYMAN! I'VE HEARD OF YOU! WHAT BRINGS YOU HERE?



A FLIGHT OF BOMBING PLANES OVER THE MASSACHUSETTS BORDER BRINGS ME! WHAT DO YOU KNOW ABOUT THEM, KARL KORFORD?

YOU KNOW ABOUT ME, THEN? THAT SEALS YOUR DEATH WARRANT!

NOT YET MY FRIEND!



THE BULKY KORFORD IS LIKE PUTTY IN THE STEEL GRIP OF THE POWERFUL SKYMAN!

YOU BOYS THAT LIKE TO PLAY ROUGH GIVE ME A LAUGH!

OOOH---YOU'LL BREAK MY BACK!!



THE SKYMAN FORCES THE TREACHEROUS KORFORD TO CONFESS—

THERE—MY
CONFESSTION
IS DONE!

YOU'VE BEEN A SECRET AGENT FOR THAT FOREIGN COUNTRY FOR YEARS! AND IT WAS YOU, WHO PLANNED THE WHOLE THING! YOU'RE MORE OF A RAT THAN I THOUGHT YOU WERE!



—THEN DEPOSITS HIM AT AN ARMY FLYING FIELD!

ANOTHER SCORE FOR THE SKYMAN. HERE'S THE MAN WHO PLANNED THE AIR BASE, THE BOMBING RAIDS, AND THE ENTIRE INVASION! WHAT A CAPTURE! WOW!



BUT THE SKYMAN IS NOT YET SATISFIED WITH HIS WORK...

GOOD OLD WING! I'LL LOAD IT UP WITH BOMBS!

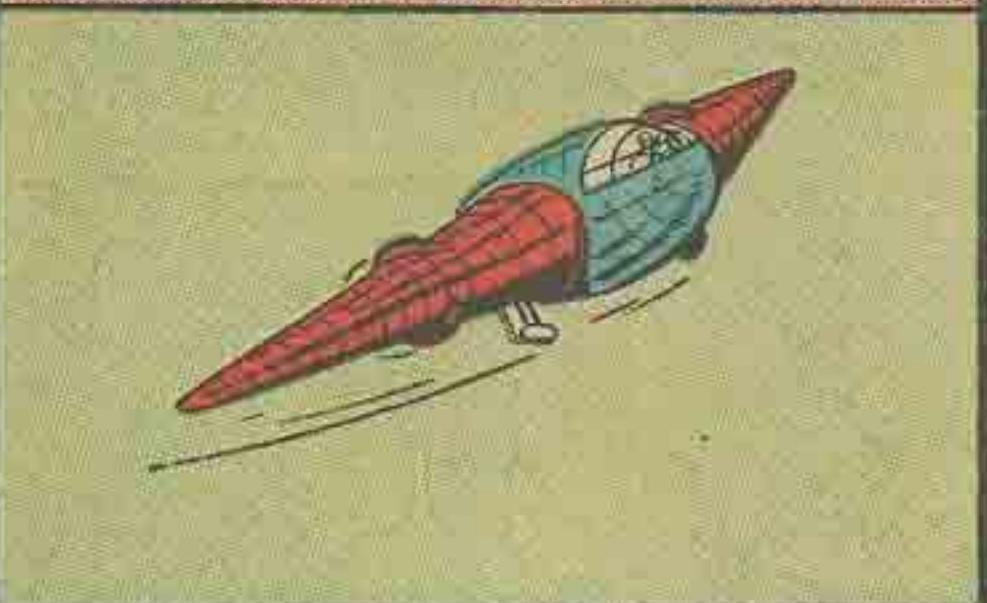


THE SKYMAN LOADS THE WING WITH MIGHTY BOMBS—
CARRYING THEM SINGLE-HANDED!

I'LL BE NEEDING
THESE UP NORTH!



INTO THE AIR SOARS THE WING BOUND FOR GRANT LAND!



FAR TO THE NORTH THE U.S.A.'S FLEET OF PURSUIT PLANES AND BOMBERS REACHES GRANT LAND—



COME—WE SHALL PREVENT THEIR PLANES FROM EVER RETURNING TO THE UNITED STATES!

HOW?



I SHALL LAY AN ELECTRICAL BELT
ABOUT THE ISLAND—which will
BURN THEIR PLANES TO A CRISP
WHEN THEY TRY TO LEAVE!

GOOD!



FLYING NORTH COMES THE SKYMAN—NOT KNOWING OF THE ELECTRICAL BELT!

IT WON'T BE LONG BEFORE I'LL BE THERE—IN TIME TO JOIN IN THE ATTACK, I HOPE!



SUDDENLY THE MOTORS OF THE WING BEGIN TO SPUTTER—

WHAT UNDER THE SUN CAN MAKE THEM SPUTTER SO? ONLY SOME SORT OF ATOMIC OR ELECTRICAL ENERGY BELT COULD—HEY!



THE WING TIPTS AND STARTS TO FALL!

WHAT THE---! THE WING NEVER DID THIS TO ME!



EVEN MY CONTROLS ARE HARD TO WORK! I'VE GOT TO LAND GENTLY BECAUSE OF THE BOMBS I'M CARRYING. I HOPE I LAND RIGHT SIDE UP!



WHEW! THAT WAS MIGHTY CLOSE, ESPECIALLY—with THOSE BOMBS ABOARD!



SOME DISTANCE AWAY FROM WHERE THE WING LANDS—

A PLANE—BUT WHAT A QUEER ONE! WHAT IS IT DOING HERE?

IT'S NOT AN ARMY PLANE! I'M NOT LETTING ANYONE DISCOVER US. I'LL SHOOT THEM DOWN LIKE DOGS!



AS THE SKYMAN STEPS FROM THE WING, A BULLET GREETS HIM—

WOW! SOMEBODY SNIPING AT ME!



THERE'S TWO OF THEM OUT THERE IN THE SNOW! WHY SHOULD THEY FIRE AT ME THOUGH?



IF I CAN SKI TO THE OTHER SIDE OF THE WING
BEFORE THEY GET ME - I'LL CIRCLE AROUND BEHIND
THEM AND FIND OUT WHAT IT IS THEY'RE DOING
WAY OUT HERE!



HERE I GO - AND HERE
COME THEIR BULLETS!



THE POOL BEARS A CHARMED
LIFE! I MISSED HIM
THREE TIMES!

I THINK I
GOT HIM!



OOF! THAT LAST
BULLET GOT ME!



BUT STRUGGLING WITH DESPERATION HE FIGHTS
HIS WAY TO HIS FEET!

FIRING AT A PLANE WRECKED MAN!
THEY MUST BE GUARDING
SOMETHING MIGHTY PRECIOUS!



THE SKYMAN CIRCLES WIDELY ON HIS SKIS . . .

I'LL DROP DOWN ON THEM FROM
ABOVE AND SURPRISE 'EM!



THERE THEY ARE! BUT WHAT'S THAT
THEY'VE GOT? I - I FEEL FUNNY
SORT OF GOOSE - PIMPLY!



THREE THINGS HAPPEN.. THE U.S.A. ARMY PLANES RETURN - THE
ELECTRICAL BELT IS TURNED ON FULL FORCE AND THE SKYMAN
SENSES THE DESTRUCTIVE POWER OF THE ELECTRIC ENERGY!

I'M THE FLEET'S ONLY HOPE - I'VE
GOT TO STOP THOSE MEN!



LIKE A HAWK TO THE ATTACK HE DROPS DOWN THE HILLSIDE!



THEY'RE ALMOST WITHIN THE ELECTRICAL BELT!

THEY'LL BE BURNED TO CINDER'S



SILENTLY, THE SKYMAN IS UPON THEM!

"IT'S MY TURN NOW, YOU RAT!"

"OOO—"

"I'LL GET YOU—!"



HIS TERRIFIC OFFENSE DROPS THE OFFICER LIKE A LOG —

I HAVEN'T ANY TIME TO WASTE FIGHTING WITH YOU!



THEY'VE DISCOVERED A WAY TO TURN THE ELECTRICAL ENERGY AT THE NORTH POLE INTO A BELT OF DESTRUCTIVE POWER. THERE—THE POWER IS TURNED OFF!



THE SKYMAN WAVES AN UNSEEN GREETING TO THE VICTORIOUS U.S.A. AIR FLEET!

GOOD LUCK, BOYS! YOU DID A GOOD JOB—CLEANING UP THAT AIR BASE! AND THANK THE LORD YOU'RE STILL ALIVE!



MY WING WASN'T HARMED BY THE ELECTRICAL BELT BECAUSE IT'S MADE OF PLASTICS. THE MOTOR SLOWED DUE TO THE TERRIFIC POWER THAT WAS UNLEASHED!
OW! I'M TIRED!



WOUNDED AND SICK—THE SKYMAN STRUGGLES ON, HIS JOB FINISHED—THE U.S.A. SAFE FROM ATTACK—AND THE SKYMAN HIMSELF—HOMeward BOUND!

WHAT'S A WOUND AND TIREDNESS THOUGH—COMPARED TO THE SAFETY OF A HUNDRED MILLION U.S. CITIZENS?



DO YOU LIKE THE SKYMAN?

WHY NOT WRITE IN AND TELL US SO?

ADDRESS YOUR LETTERS TO—"SKYMAN" CARE OF COLUMBIA COMIC CORPORATION, 369 LEXINGTON AVENUE, NEW YORK CITY, N.Y.

EXPLAIN WHY AND WHAT YOU LIKE ABOUT THE SKYMAN—AND WHAT YOU'D LIKE TO SEE HIM DO!

63

Follow the sensational exploits of THE SKYMAN each and every month in BIG SHOT COMICS!

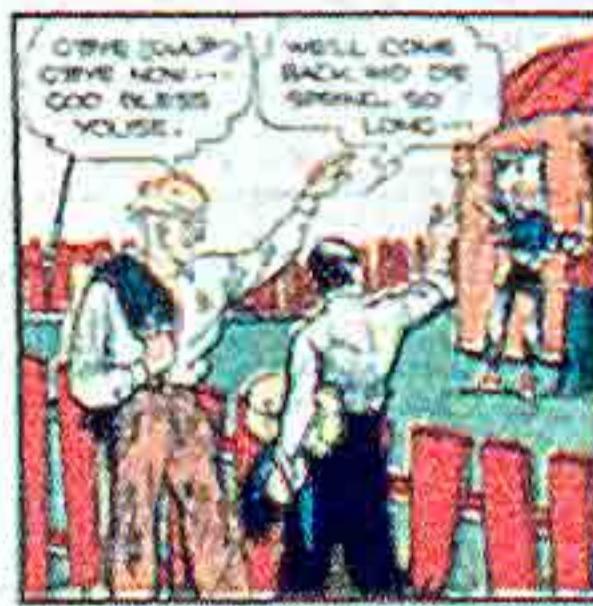
JOE PALOOKA

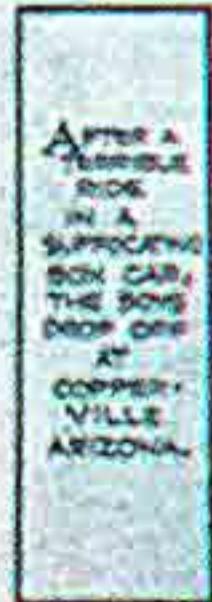
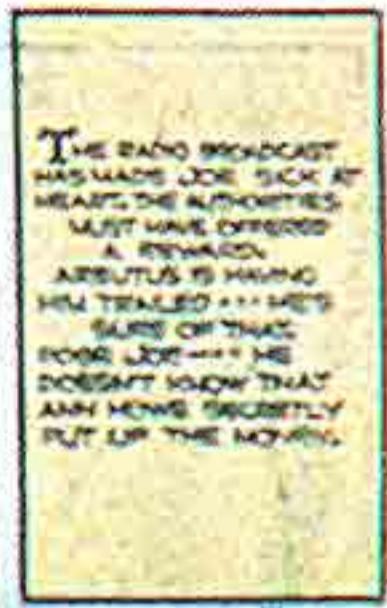
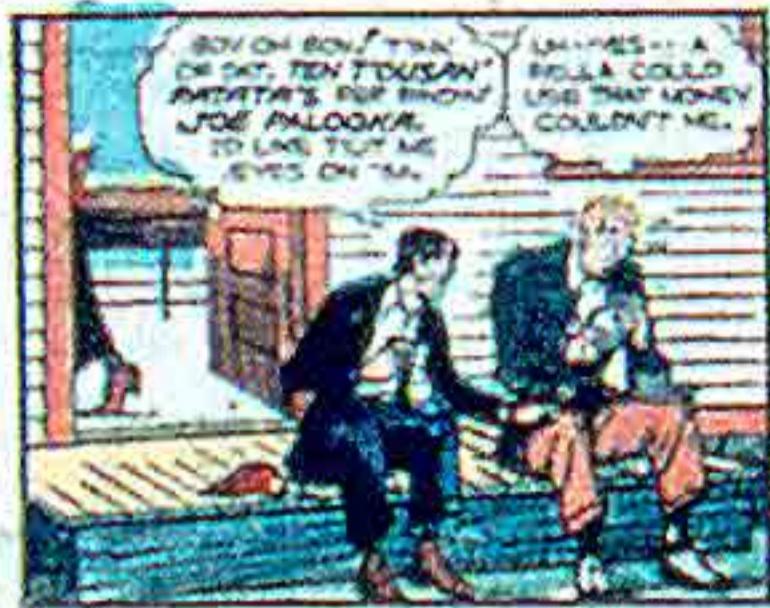
BY RAM FISHER

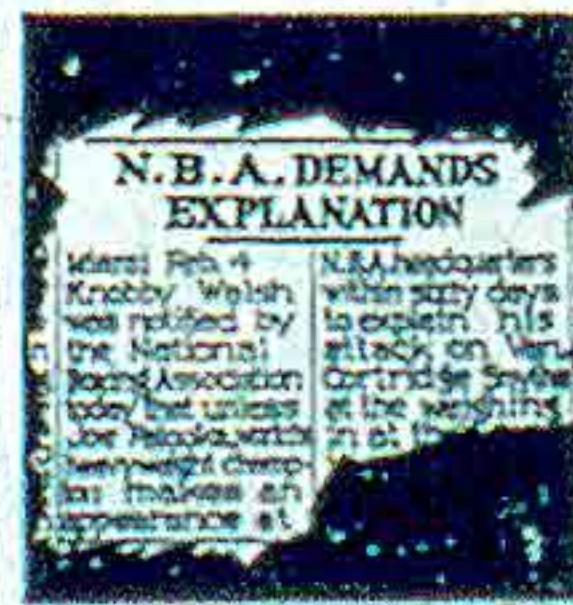
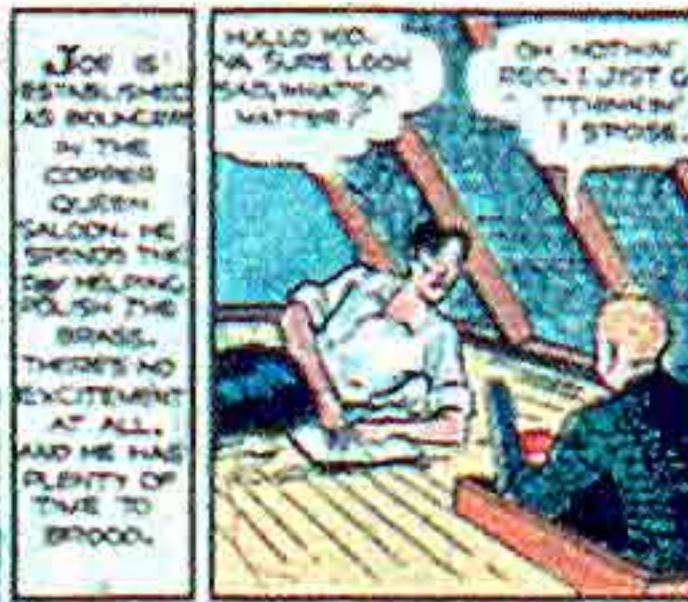
BY A STRANGE TWIST OF FATE, JOE BELIEVES HIMSELF MARRIED TO A MISS STOOFER. RATHER THAN CAUSE TROUBLE FOR ALL CONCERNED, HE RUNS AWAY... HE MEETS A FRIEND NAMED RED AND TOGETHER THEY TRAVEL THE HIGHROAD ROAD WHILE PROTECTING RED FROM A HOBO. JOE RECEIVES A SMASHING BLOW ACROSS HIS EYES.....



- AMERICA'S FINEST COMIC FEATURES in BIG SHOT COMICS!



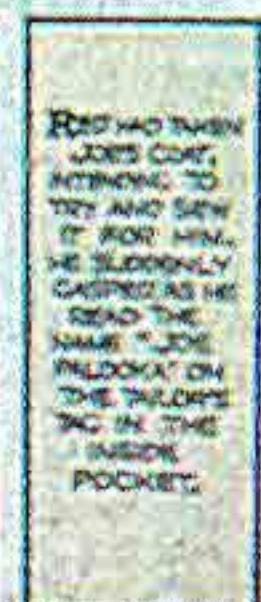






BRAVE SHAMMOS
AND JOE
CRASH ALL
OVER THE
ROOM -- THE
MINERS AND
OTHER CUSTOMERS
STAND IN AINE
AT THE DOORS
OF THE PASTY-
FACED BUM WHO
DARMS DO
BATLLE WITH
THE IRON
MUSCLED BULLY
OF THE MINES.





JOE PALOOKA appears only in **BIG SHOT COMICS**, every month!



The FACE

by MICHAEL BLAKE



OPERATING RADIO STATION WBSC, TONY TRENT COMES INTO CONTACT WITH NEWS OF CRIME AND CRIMINALS. HE HAS SET HIMSELF THE TASK OF RIGHTING WRONG IN A SOMETIMES TOPSY-TURVY WORLD AS — THE FACE! UGLY AND FORBIDDING, THE MASK WHICH HE WEARS IS LIKE SOME GRIM CARICATURE OF A HUMAN FACE ...

IN THE OFFICES OF STATION WBSC...

I CAN'T IMAGINE
WHAT'S KEEPING
TONY! — OH!



THE DOOR BANGS OPEN — AND THE FACE ENTERS!

BABS — GRAB THAT
STATUETTE AND
SLAM ME OVER THE
HEAD — HURRY!

OOH! WHAT
IN THE
WORLD —!



LISTEN CLOSELY! SOME
MEN ARE AFTER THE
FACE — TELL 'EM HE
WENT THROUGH THE
WINDOW — AFTER
HITTING ME! NOW —
SLUG ME!

ALL—ALL
RIGHT?



AN INSTANT LATER — THE DOOR OPENS AGAIN

WHERE'D HE GO?
— THE FACE,
I MEAN!

HE — HE HIT
MR. TRENT — THEN
WENT THROUGH
THE W'NDOW!



I'LL GO UP THE FIRE
ESCAPE — YOU TWO GO
DOWN! WE'VE GOT
TO GET HIM!



NOW WHAT'S
ALL THIS
ABOUT?

THERE'S BEEN A LOT
OF GOLD FLOODING
THE MARKET LATELY.
I INVESTIGATED —
AND FOUND A MAN
WHO MAKES IT!
IMAGINE THAT — HE'S
FOUND THE SECRET
OF THE AGES!







A TWIG SNAPS UNDERFOOT AND THE FACE WHIRLS —

CURSE THAT BRANCH!

THANKS FOR IT, YOU MEAN!

IF IT HADN'T BEEN FOR THAT BRANCH — I'D HAVE BEEN A GONER!

THE GOLDMASTER KEEPS HIMSELF WELL-GUARDED! NOW IF I CAN ONLY GET NEAR THAT WINDOW...



THE GOLD MASTER—
AND JEFF PETERS,
THE BIG BANKER!
THIS IS RED-HOT
NEWS, ALL RIGHT!

THE FACE TAKES ANOTHER STEP — AND A TRAP DOOR DROPS UNDER HIM.

OOOPS!



HE LANDS ON A HIGHLY POLISHED CHUTE —

IT'S SMELLY — AWFULLY SMELLY IN HERE!
I WONDER —

AN— AN ACID VAT!
I'LL BE SCALDED ALIVE!

WHAT A DEATH!



THE FACE—HANDS OUTSTRETCHED—
SUDDENLY MISSES THE SMOOTH WALL—



HIS FINGERS GRASP—SLIP—AND
FINALLY HOLD.



SLOWLY AND CAREFULLY, HE PULLS HIMSELF AWAY FROM THE ACID VAT!



WHEW! MADE IT!
NOW TO SEE WHERE
THIS LEADS TO! AT
LEAST I CAN CRAWL
ALONG THIS TUNNEL



THIS IS AN OLD
HOT-AIR FLUE—
AND THERE ARE THE
TWO I CAME TO FIND
OUT ABOUT!



THE FACE OVERHEARS THE GOLDFMASTER
AND THE BANKER—

—THEN WE CAN RULE
THE COUNTRY! WITH
AN INEXHAUSTIBLE
GOLD SUPPLY, I'LL
BUY LAND, HOUSES,
BANKS—EVEN THE
GOVERNMENT!



YOU SHALL BE
PRESIDENT, WHILE
I SHALL BE THE
POWER BEHIND
YOUR REIGN!

HE USES HIS EVER-HANDY CAMERA TO
SNAP THE PICTURE OF THE GOLDFMASTER
AND BANKER PETERS!

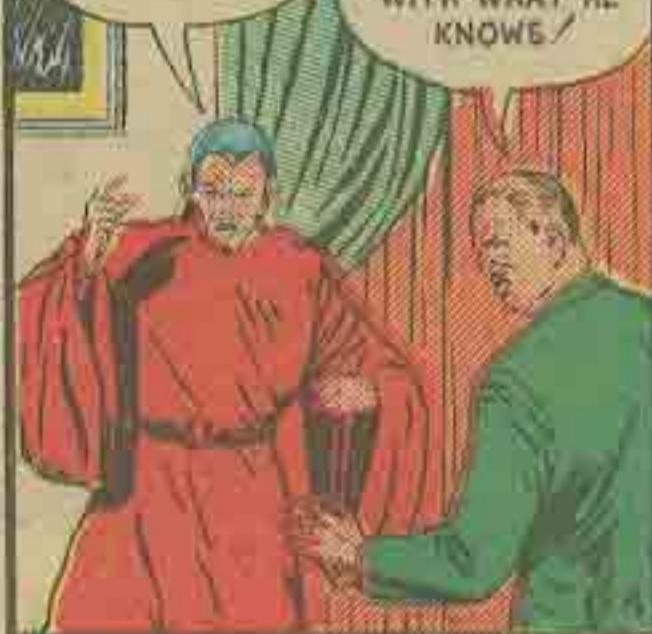
I'LL HAVE INDISPUTABLE
PROOF WITH THIS!



BUT ALERT EARS HEAR THE CLICK
OF THE CAMERA!

LOOK—SOMEONE
IS TAKING OUR
PICTURE!

WE CAN'T LET
HIM OUT OF HERE
WITH WHAT HE
KNOWS!







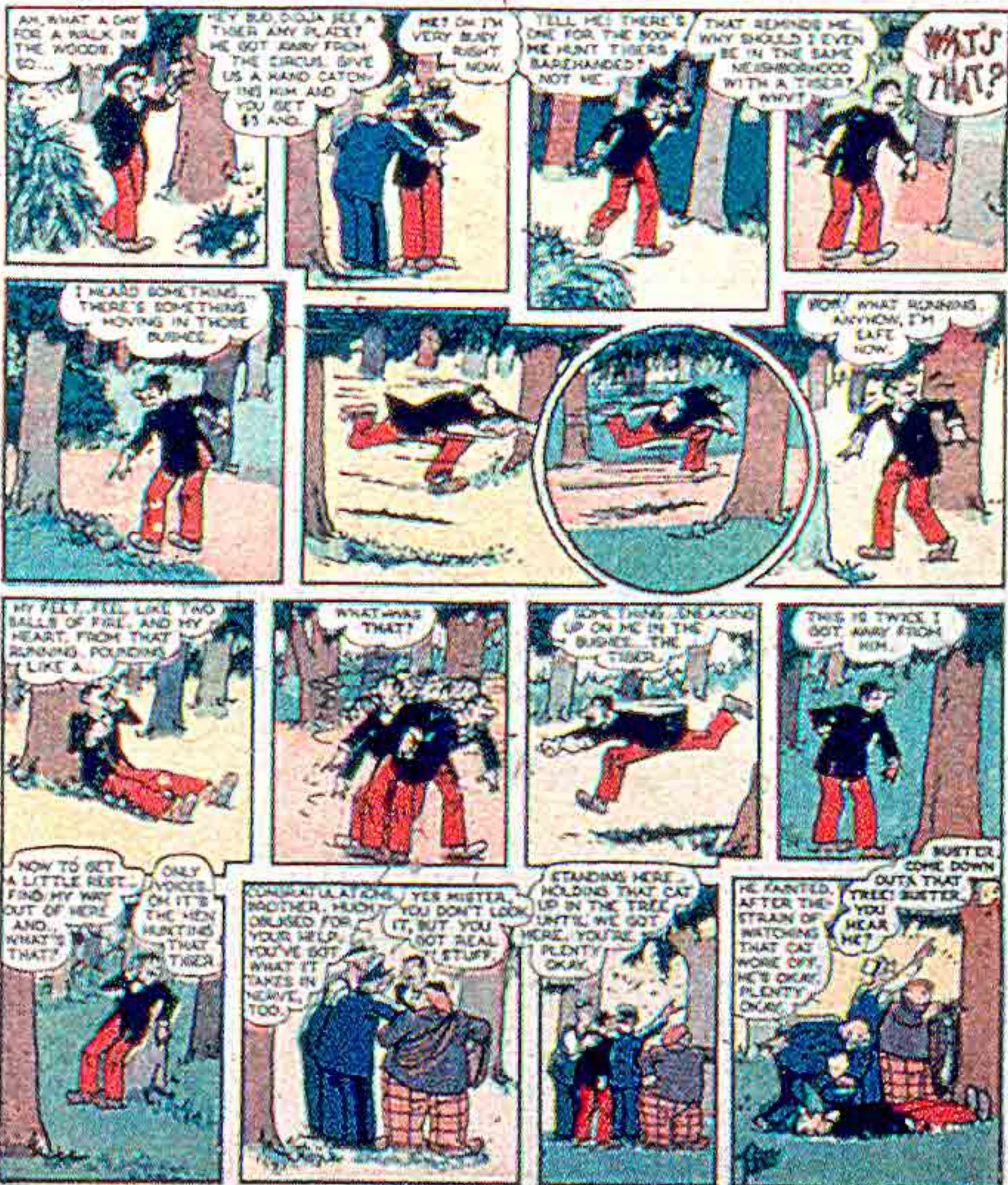
The haunting figure of **THE FACE**, scourge of the foes of justice, will thrill you every month in **BIG SHOT COMICS!**



THE BUNGLE FAMILY

TIGER HUNTING

By H. J. TUTTLE

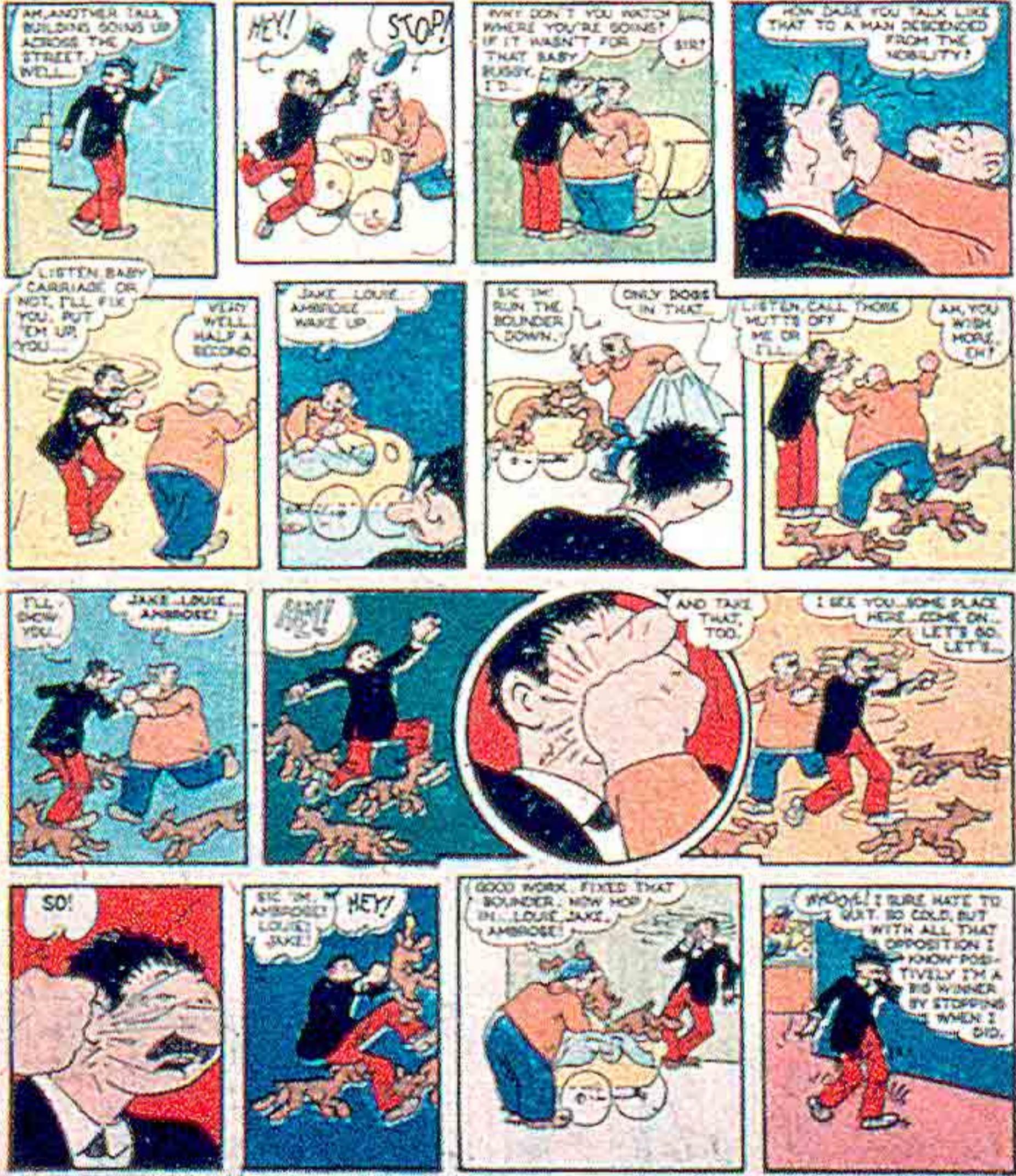




THE BUNGLE FAMILY

THE LOSER WINS.

By H. J. TUTHILL



THE BUNGLES will tickle you with laughter every month in **BIG SHOT COMICS!**

TOM KERRY

DISTRICT ATTORNEY

THE SPORT OF CZARS - THAT OF HUNTING WILD RUSSIAN BOARS WITH STEEL TIPPED ARROWS, DRAWS TOM KERRY, DISTRICT ATTORNEY, INTO THE CHEROKEE NATIONAL FOREST IN TENNESSEE - SOBLY FOR SPORT AND RELAXATION AFTER WEEKS OF TRIAL WORK IN GENERAL AND SPECIAL SESSIONS -

HARRY TALL ARROW! I HAVEN'T SEEN YOU SINCE OUR DAYS AT THE UNIVERSITY! HOW ARE YOU?

I'M FINE, TOM! I'VE READ OF YOUR GREAT SUCCESS UP NORTH! WHEN I WROTE YOU TO BE MY GUEST --



TOM IS DRAWN ASIDE BY HIS FULL-BLOODED CHEROKEE FRIEND -

I NEED YOU TO HELP SOLVE A PUZZLE, TOM! I'M RESPONSIBLE FOR THE BOARS DOWN HERE - AND SOMEONE IS KILLING THEM RIGHT AND LEFT!

I'LL BE GLAD TO HELP, HARRY!



ON THE ROAD TO THE HOTEL INDIAN CHIEF -

LOOK OUT - HARRY!



YOU SAVED MY LIFE, TOM! I'LL NOT FORGET IT!

BUT - WHO'D WANT TO KILL YOU? - AND WHOEVER IT WAS IS AN EXPERT BOWMAN!



IT'S A REGULAR STEEL-TIPPED ARROW ISSUED TO OUR HOTEL GUESTS! I'M HEAD GUIDE HERE - I OUGHT TO KNOW!

THAT HIDES THE IDENTITY OF THE WOULD-BE KILLER!



TOM KERRY, THE FAMOUS DISTRICT ATTORNEY! HOTEL INDIAN CHIEF WELCOMES YOU! I HOPE YOUR JOURNEY WAS A PLEASANT ONE!

ALL EXCEPT THE AUTO RIDE! SOMEONE TRIED TO KILL HARRY!



T
KERRY
STUDIES
GILBERT
DAVIS,
THE
HOTEL
OWNER!

I SEE THEY
DIDN'T SUCCEED.
HARRY! I'M
MIGHTY GLAD!

I'M FINE,
MR. DAVIS.
THANKS
TO TOM!



WHAT ABOUT
DAVIS, IS HE OKAY?

DAVIS WAS BORN
IN THIS HOTEL AND
HAS LIVED HERE
FOR YEARS! HE'S
STRICT, BUT HE'S
. NO MURDERER!



AS TOM AND HARRY TALK ABOUT DAVIS -
THE LATTER LEAVES THE HOTEL -

I'LL HAVE TO SEE
THAT FOOL BEFORE
HE BUNGLES
ANOTHER JOB!



DAVIS
ARRIVES
AT
CHEROKEE
PEAK
AND
BLOWS
ON A
SHORT
HORN HE
CARRIES!



DEEP
IN THE
WILD
FOREST
A
STRANGE
GIANT OF
A MAN
HEARS
THE
HORN -

THE CALL! I MUST
GO AT ONCE!



IT'S ABOUT TIME! WHAT'S
THE IDEA OF BUNGLING
THAT JOB I GAVE YOU
YESTERDAY? I TOLD YOU
TO GET THEM BOTH.



I FIRE AT
HARRY - THEN
SLIP! FELL OFF
ROCK - HURT LEG!
LOOK AGAIN -
THEY GONE!

WELL, NEVER MIND!
THEY'RE HUNTING
TODAY - FOLLOW
THEN - AND KILL
THEM BOTH!



AS
DAVIS
LEAVES,
THE
GIANT
SECRETES
HIMSELF
ALONG A
WELL-USED
GAME
TRAIL!

THIS TIME
I KILL!



TOM KERRY STUDIES GILBERT DAVIS, THE HOTEL OWNER!



DAVIS ARRIVES AT CHEROKEE PEAK AND BLOWS ON A SHORT HORN HE CARRIES!



DEEP IN THE WILD FOREST A STRANGE GIANT OF A MAN HEARS THE HORN -



AS DAVIS LEAVES, THE GIANT SECRETES HIMSELF ALONG A WELL-USED GAME TRAIL!



REMEMBER WHEN YOU
TAUGHT ME TO SHOOT THIS
THING, HARRY? I'VE BEEN
PRACTISING EVER SINCE.
WATCH!

YOU WERE ALWAYS
QUICK AND HAVE
A STEADY HAND,
TON! GO AHEAD,
SHOOT!

UNKNOWINGLY, TOM PICKS A TREE
NEAR THE HIDING GIANT TO TEST
HIS MARKSMANSHIP —
WATCH THE BEE HIVE IN THAT
TREE, HARRY!

THE
WOODS
GIANT
FAILS
TO
HEAR
THE
ARROW
WHISTLING
OVER-
HEAD!



TOM'S ARROW SAILS INTO THE BEE-HIVE —
THE BEES SAIL OUT AND STING THE
GIANT, SPOILING HIS AIM!



HARRY TALL ARROW TACKLES TOM, SAVING
HIM FROM THE GIANT'S SPENT ARROW.

LOOK
OUT!



SOMETHING SPOILED
THAT HIDDEN ARCHER'S
AIM — I THINK IT WAS
THE BEES!

YOU'RE RIGHT! IF
THAT ARROW HAD
BEEN FIRED TRULY-
MY TACKLE
WOULD HAVE BEEN
TOO LATE!



A GIANT MAN
WAS HERE, TOM!
LOOK WHERE HE
STOOD!

-AND SEE THESE
ARROWS PLANTED
IN THE GROUND,
READY TO FIRE!



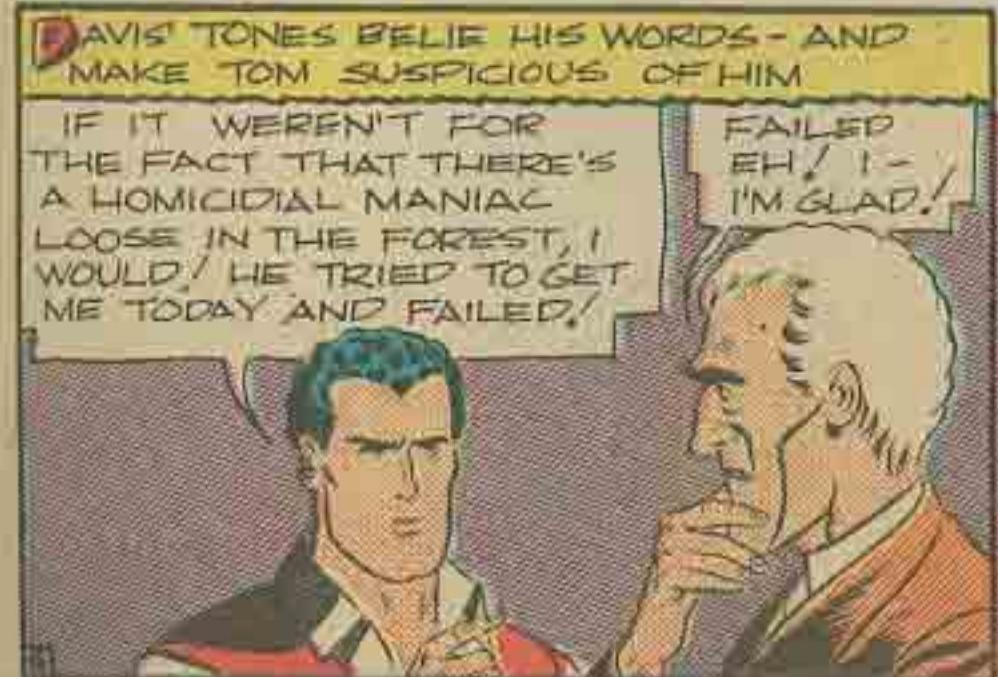
TOM KERRY AND HARRY TALL ARROW
TAKE UP THE TRAIL —

I CAN FOLLOW HIS
TRAIL! LET'S
GET HIM!

RIGHT WITH YOU,
HARRY! WATCH
OUT FOR MORE
ARROWS, THOUGH!



THE
GIANT
FLEES
BEFORE
THE
TWO
MEN
AND
COMES
UPON
A
GIRL
HUNTER-



I'M NOT CALLING IN
THE AUTHORITIES UNTIL
TOMORROW! I HOPE TO
BREAK THIS CASE
MYSELF - TONIGHT!

YOU THINK DAVIS
KNOWS THIS GIANT,
EH? SO DO I!

FAR AHEAD OF TOM AND HARRY,
DAVIS CLIMBS A SHEER CLIFF
WALL -

THIS IS THE SHORT CUT TO
JIM'S CAVE! I'LL MEET HIM
THERE!

DAVIS ARRIVES AT THE ENTRANCE TO A
MOUNTAIN CAVE -

HE ISN'T HERE -
BUT THE HORN
WILL FETCH HIM!

THE
HORN
REACHES
THE
EARS
OF
TOM
AND
HARRY!

THAT HORN SOUNDED UP
ON THE MOUNTAIN, WE'RE
GOING UP!

SOMEONE CAME UP
THIS WAY JUST AHEAD
OF US - THE TWIGS AND
BUSHES ARE BENT!

YOU'LL HAVE TO
TEACH ME THE
ART OF TRAILING
SOMEDAY, HARRY!
I COULD USE YOUR
KNOWLEDGE!

TOM AND HARRY HEAR VOICES ABOVE
THEM -

YOU FAILED AGAIN.
YOU IGNORANT FOOL!
IF IT WASN'T FOR THE
FACT THAT --

I TRY KILL
AGAIN! I NOT
FAIL THIRD
TIME.

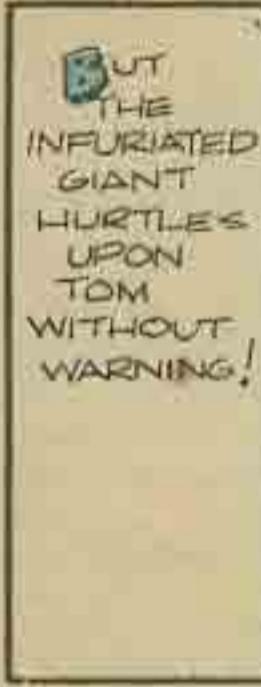
OOGONE! THEY'LL
HEAR THAT ROCK
I JUST KICKED!

I'LL HURRY
TO THE TOP
OF THE CLIFF!

HARRY TALL ARROW COMES FACE TO FACE
WITH THE GIANT!

HE HERE!
KILL!
NO
FAIL NOW!

TOM! HURRY
UP! I CAN'T
HOLD THIS
BIG GUY
FOREVER!



TOM KERRY, the two-fisted District Attorney, battles Crime and Lawlessness in every issue of **BIG SHOT COMICS!**

THE REVOLT THAT FAILED

by

JACK ANTHONY

A THOUSAND feet below lay the rolling green mountains of the tropical country of Costa Playa and up ahead the low, powerful drone of the plane's engine sounded like sweet music to Dick Brent as he settled back comfortably in the pilot's seat. But his deep appreciation of the plane's performance was dispelled by a bullet that ripped through the canvas directly in front of him and continued on through the ceiling of the cabin.

"Well, I'll be . . ." Dick started to exclaim but never finished the sentence because a second bullet found its mark in the vital organs of the plane. The carburetor was shattered into a hundred pieces and the severed gas line drenched the side of the engine with the precious fluid. The motor sputtered, coughed weakly and went dead. Dick shut off the ignition and prepared to glide to earth.

"Some fool down there is going to get his ears knocked off as soon as I land!" Dick muttered angrily. He banked to the left and spotted a small clearing in the tropical vegetation. Pointing the nose of the ship in that direction, he headed down. With the smoothness of a gliding eagle the plane descended in a series of wide circles.

Dick felt the wheels of the ship bounce along the ground and brought it to a stop about twenty yards from the edge of the clearing. Almost immediately five armed men appeared from the underbrush and raced madly toward the disabled plane.

With rifles raised to their shoulders for ready use, they surrounded the machine and one of the men, evidently the leader, stepped forward and made it quite obvious by waving his revolver that he wanted Dick to get out of the cabin.

Dick looked longingly at his own automatic hanging in a holder at the side of the instrument

panel but his better judgment warned him it would be a useless struggle to attempt to fight his way out. He was completely outnumbered and even a magician would find it most difficult to escape in a plane with a demolished carburetor and a severed gas line.

The General raised his beetlenose and swung his legs from the window sill. "You have done mighty well, my brave Lieutenant! Was the plane damaged much in bringing it down?"

"The gasoline line was cut and the carburetor was smashed but already I have a mechanic fixing them up to be finished for your trip to the capital tomorrow morning."

"Excellent!" the General nodded approvingly, and then he addressed Dick. "I apologize most humbly for whatever trouble I have caused you, but in serious times like these drastic steps must be taken to insure the success of our cause!"

Despite the graveness of the situation, Dick was inwardly amused at the chubby general's attitude of sincerity. "The end justifies the means, eh, General?"

"Not of course," exclaimed General Castro. "Particularly when one is starting a revolution to overthrow the government and in this revolution an airplane will be a great advantage to me. Tomorrow morning I intend to fly in your plane over the capital and by dropping a few bombs and scattering pamphlets I hope to convince my worthy rival, President Gomez, that it will be much healthier for him to leave the country and allow me to become *El Presidente!*"

"The clarity with which you express your purpose really surprises me, General!" said Dick. "But I sincerely pray that when the plane reaches an altitude of about 5,000 feet something goes wrong with the motor and down you come like a ton of bricks to smash your head against the side of a mountain!"

The General's face turned beet red and he leaped to his feet. "Insolent dog! You have insulted the great General Castro . . . and for

that you shall die! Lieutenant, take the pig of an American to the guardhouse and when the sun rises tomorrow, place him against a wall and shoot him dead!"

Having delivered the decree, the General sank back into his chair and puffed on his cigar with vigor and determination. The Lieutenant grabbed Dick by the arm and hustled him out of the room and across the courtyard. On the far side stood the jail, a squat building of mud and stone with a heavy, iron door and two small windows barred with thick pieces of timber.

collapsed.

Using the rifle as a lever, Dick succeeded in loosening the sections of timber that barred the window. Quickly he scrambled through the opening and hugging the wall, crept around the courtyard toward General Castro's headquarters. Twice he was startled by the appearance of native soldiers, but, fortunately, he was not discovered. Gaining the rear of the adobe building, he espied an open window. Cautiously he scaled the sill and stood in a dark room. His eyes, becoming accustomed to the gloom, discerned a chair, a table and a bed.

posted the struggling form of the general in the cabin of the airplane.

The following morning the papers of not only Costa Playa but all the Central American countries ran the story of General Castro's capture in headline captions. Dick had flown the repaired plane directly to the airport at Cordoba, the capital of Costa Playa, and there handed over General Castro to the astonished but none-the-less-thankful police officials. With the chubby general's imprisonment came the collapse of the budding revolution.



And on the bed reposed the round body of General Castro.

Dick acted with lightning-like speed. Seizing a sash from the General's uniform, he wrapped it around Castro's head and face to prevent an outcry. Quickly he bound his hands and feet, and though the General was squirming like an eel, he flung him over his shoulder and climbed out the window. Dick melted into the deep shadows as a guard passed, and then started forward again, heading in the direction of his airplane. Without mishap, he weaved his way through the encampment and fifteen minutes later he de-

On the steps of the presidential palace at Cordoba, President Gomez pinned a huge medal on Dick's chest and shook his hand warmly. "Senor Brent, your brave and noble deed will remain forever in the hearts of my countrymen as a sacred memento! I sincerely wish I could demonstrate, even in some small fashion, my gratitude!"

Dick was thoughtful for a moment and then, with a twinkle in his eye, he said. "Would it be asking too much if I killed you for a new gas line and a new carburetor?"

THE END.

AMERICA'S FINEST COMIC FEATURES

- appear each and every month in BIG SHOT COMICS!

MARVELO

MONARCH of MAGICIANS

ON THE VAN ESTER ESTATE ON A BRIGHT MAY MORNING - YOUNG CLIFFORD VAN ESTER IS BRUTALLY KIDNAPPED !

BY
FRED
GUARDINEER

SOME HOURS LATER CLIFFORD'S ABSENCE IS NOTED BY HIS ANGUISHED MOTHER WHO CALLS IN THE FAMILY LAWYER ----

GONE, GONE ! HE SIMPLY HAS VANISHED FROM SIGHT ! I'LL TURN THE MATTER OVER TO THE FEDERAL AUTHORITIES AT ONCE. MRS. VAN ESTER ! HMM-M - A SHAME, A SHAME !

THAT MUST BE THE FAMOUS MARVELO - THE GREAT MAGICIAN ! I WONDER IF HE CAN HELP ME ?

THE FAMILY LAWYER SPEAKS TO MARVELO, ASKING HIS HELP ON THE KIDNAPPING CASE -

I READ OF YOUR EXPLOITS IN THE BIG CITY WHERE YOU BROKE UP THOSE TWO GANGS. WOULD YOU HELP SOLVE A BOY KIDNAPPING MYSTERY ? WITH PLEASURE, ANYONE WHO KIDNAPS A CHILD OUGHT TO BE SEVERELY PUNISHED.

MRS VAN ESTER IS OVERJOYED TO RECEIVE THE MAGICIAN'S AID !

THEN MAY ZEE - MY SERVANT - AND I LOOK AROUND ? PERHAPS WE CAN BE OF SOME AID.

ANYTHING YOU DO WILL BE GREATLY APPRECIATED, MARVELO.

SEE, THE HOITENTOT IS ENDOWED BY NATURE WITH SENSITIVE EYES AND NOSTRILS WHICH HE USES TO LEARN INFORMATION ABOUT THE KIDNAPPERS !

BIG MAN TAKE BOY - VERY BIG MAN ! CLUE, I THINK I'LL TAKE A LOOK AROUND THE COUNTRYSIDE. KALORA !

AS SOON AS THE MAGICIAN MENTIONS THE MAGIC WORD "KALORA" - HE BECOMES A GIANT HIMSELF !

WITH MY INCREASED RANGE OF VISION I CAN SEE MILES - AND I THINK I SEE THAT BIG MAN !







SEARCHING TOPFLIGHT MOUNTAIN IN FIVE STEPS, MARVELO THEN RESUMES HIS NORMAL APPEARANCE!

I THINK WE MUST TEACH THIS DOCTOR HAYLES A LESSON TOO, ZEE

THE MOUNTAIN FORMS AN ESCALATOR FOR MARVELO AND ZEE!

THE MOUNTAIN SHALL DO ITS BIT TO HELP US - KALORA!

MOVING STEPS, SAHIB!

THIS MOVING STAIRCASE GREAT THING TO HAVE FOR SLED RIDE IN WINTER TIME, SAHIB!

IT WOULD BE - BUT WE HAVE WORK TO DO, YOU SHALL BE A LITTLE BOY, ZEE - KALORA!

MARVELO TURNS ZEE INTO A LITTLE BOY SO THAT HE CAN GAIN ENTRANCE TO DOCTOR HAYLES SANATORIUM!

PRETEND YOU ARE SICK, ZEE! HERE COMES SOMEONE NOW!

THIS IS DOCTOR HAYLES

GLAD TO KNOW YOU, WHAT IS WRONG WITH THE LITTLE FELLOW?

TUMMY HURT-

MY SON COMPLAINS OF STOMACH PAINS. CAN YOU CURE HIM?

WHILE MARVELO SITS AND TALKS WITH THE DOCTOR - HE ROAMS IN SPIRIT THROUGHOUT THE BUILDING!

I'M GOING TO FIND OUT SOMETHING ABOUT THIS UNUSUAL HOSPITAL!

ON HIS SEARCH MARVELO FINDS A SMALL BOY WEEPING!

WHAT'S THE MATTER, MY LITTLE MAN?

MY BROTHER! THE DOCTOR'S GOING TO OPERATE ON HIS BRAIN!

MAYBE WE CAN STOP IT - SHALL WE?

WHO ARE YOU? I'VE NEVER SEEN YOU AROUND HERE BEFORE!

MARVELO DOES NOT WANT THE NURSE TO SUSPECT HIS UNUSUAL POWERS - SO HE REMAINS INVISIBLE TO HER !

YOU CAN'T COME IN HERE, JIMMY. GO BACK TO YOUR ROOM !

MY FRIEND BROUGHT ME HERE !

HELLO ! JIMMY !

HE FOOLS THE NURSE WHO CANNOT SEE HIM !

BUT HE WAS HERE ! NOW - HE'S GONE !

JIMMY. YOU'VE BEEN DREAMING COME ALONG NOW !

WHEN THE NURSE HAS GONE MARVELO SPEAKS TO THE BOY ON THE OPERATING TABLE -

SUPPOSE YOU TELL ME WHY THE DOCTOR IS GOING TO OPERATE ON YOU !

HE WANTS TO MAKE ME A GREAT THINKER - AND INTENDS TO CUT MY BRAIN SO I'LL BE A GENIUS ! BUT I DON'T WANT HIM TO !

NO MAN CAN INTERFERE WITH NATURE LIKE THIS ? IT'S WRONG ! BOBBY, I'M GOING TO SAVE YOU - AND ALL THE REST OF THE BOYS, TOO !

GEE - THAT'S SWELL, MISTER - BUT WATCH OUT FOR THE DOCTOR - HE'S MIGHTY POWERFUL !

MARVELO REAPPEARS IN SPIRIT IN HIS BODY AGAIN - ALTHOUGH WHILE HE WAS GONE (SO GREAT IS MARVELO'S POWER) THE DOCTOR NEVER NOTICED ANYTHING UNUSUAL !

I'LL TAKE GOOD CARE OF THE BOY !

I'M SURE YOU WILL - BUT FORGET ABOUT THE WHOLE THING - KALORA !

THE DOCTOR FORGETS THE ENTIRE VISIT OF MARVELO AND ZEE - AT THE WORD "KALORA" !

WERE A MAN AND BOY JUST IN HERE - OR - NO, NO ! I MUST HAVE BEEN DAYDREAMING ! NOW FOR THAT OPERATION.

THE DOCTOR MUTTERS TO HIMSELF - AND MARVELO OVERHEARS HIS FIENDISH PLAN !

- BY CUTTING CERTAIN BRAIN TISSUES I CAN MAKE CHILDREN BRIGHT OR STUPID ! I SHALL BE MASTER OF THE WORLD WITH MY SECRET !

HE MUST BE STOPPED - HE IS A DANGEROUS MAN !

BEHIND ZEE AN ARM REACHES OUT WITH A CLOTH FILLED WITH CHLOROFORM

UMFF - PHFF -

MARVELO FAILED TO REMOVE THE SPELL INTO WHICH HE CAST ZEE - SO THE HOSPITAL ATTENDANT THINKS HIM AN UNRULY BOY!

"THIS STRAIT-JACKET WILL TEACH YOU TO RUN AROUND THE HALL WHILE AN OPERATION IS GOING ON!"



THE MAGICIAN FOLLOWS THE DOCTOR TO THE OPERATING ROOM AND WATCHES AS HE PREPARES TO MAKE THE FIRST INCISION-

"I MUST TEACH THIS MADMAN A LESSON - KHLORR!"



THE SCALPEL SUDDENLY BECOMES A TOY SHOVEL!

"HOW DID THIS TOY GET IN WITH MY INSTRUMENTS? NURSE - GET ME A SCALPEL!"



THE SECOND SCALPEL GROWS TOO HEAVY TO LIFT!

"DOCTOR - I CAN'T LIFT IT! IT WEIGHS A TON!"

"NONSENSE! LET ME TRY IT!"



THE SCALPEL IS ENDOWED WITH A VOICE!

"I WON'T LET YOU USE ME TO CUT THAT POOR BOY! YOU OUGHT TO BEASHAMED OF YOURSELF!"

"WELL FOR PETE'S SAKE! I CAN'T BELIEVE IT - I MUST HAVE A FEVER!"



MARVELO NOTICES ZEE'S ABSENCE.

"ZEE, GO-ZEE! NOW WHO COULD HAVE HARMED HIM - HE WOULDN'T LEAVE ME LIKE THIS!"



AND HE GOES TO LOOK FOR ZEE

"ZEE, ZEE! WHERE ARE YOU - ANSWER ME!"

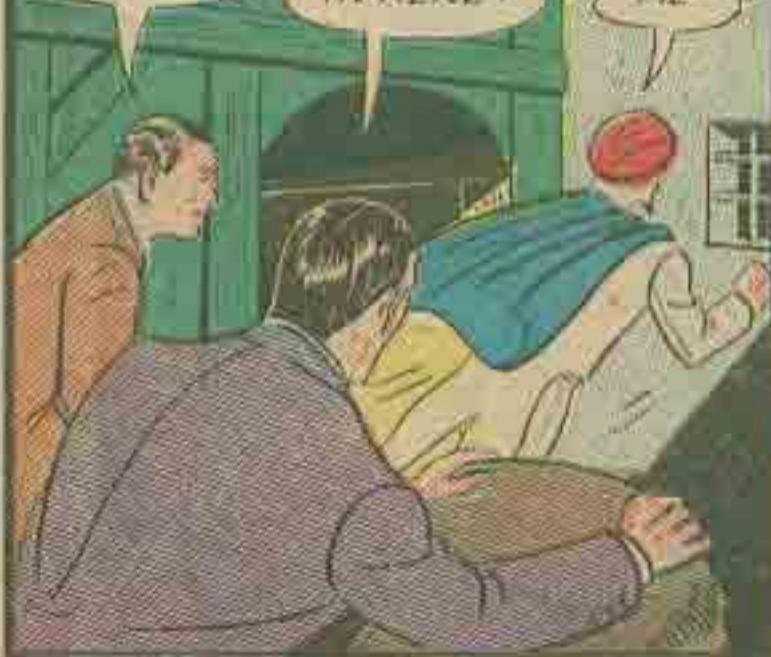


ZEE CALLS ATTRACT SOME HUNKY HOSPITAL INTERNES!

"RUSH HIM BEFORE HE SEES US!"

"IMAGINE - A DANGEROUS LUNATIC IN HERE!"

"ZEE - ANSWER ME! ANSWER ME!"



THE INTERNES FLING THE BAG OVER MARVELO -

WHAT - I'LL
HAVE TO WORK
FAST -
KALORA !

BUT THE MAGICIAN'S GREAT
POWERS ENABLE HIM TO RAISE
THE BAG HIGH IN THE AIR !

THAT
WILL HOLD
YOU -

I'LL GET
YOU - YOU
FAKIR !

YOU SHALL
JOIN YOUR COMRADE
FOR A WHILE - AND
THINK UPON YOUR
CRIMES !

I - I FEEL
LIGHT -
AND AIRY.
LIKE A
BALLOON !

MARVELO CONTINUES IN HIS SEARCH LEAVING
BEHIND HIM -

HOW DID WE
EVER GET UP
HERE !

THAT
MAN MUST
BE A
MAGICIAN !

I'M GOING
TO FIND ANOTHER
JOB AS SOON AS
I GET DOWN !

ZEE ! BOUND IN
A STRAIT-JACKET !
I MUST GET THROUGH
THE DOOR -
KALORA !

THE MAGICIAN RENDERS HIS
BODY ELECTRONICALLY THE
SAME AS THE DOOR - AND
GLIDES THROUGH IT !

MASTER - SAHIB,
YOU CAME TO SAVE
ME !

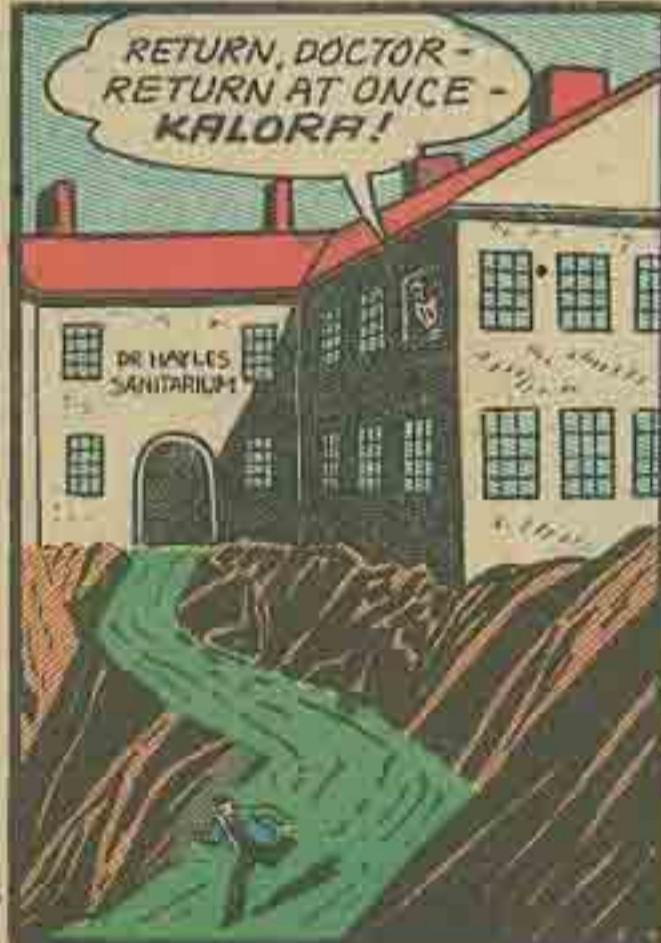
OF
COURSE.
ZEE -
KALORA

THE STRAIT-JACKET UNRAVELS
INTO LOOSE THREADS AT THE
MAGIC WORD - "KALORA" !

YOU MIGHTY
GOOD TO HAVE
AROUND,
SAHIB !

HAGER TO SHOW HIS WORTH,
ZEE SEIZES THE DOOR IN HIS
MIGHTY HANDS !

ME DO SOME-
THING NOW MASTER -
ME RIP DOOR
OFF !



THE DOCTOR RETURNS - RUNNING BACKWARDS MUCH MORE SWIFTLY THAN HE RAN FORWARD

I CAN'T MOVE AHEAD - I'M RUNNING BACKWARDS FASTER AND FASTER, TOO!

HOLD HIM, ZEE - IF HE TRIES TO BREAK LOOSE - SHOW NO MERCY!

ME KNOW WHAT'S TO DO, SAHIB! ME KNOW, ALL RIGHT!

I-I WON'T TRY ANYTHING! NOT WITH HIM HOLDING ME!

MARVELO LIBERATES THE INTERNES FROM THEIR ROOSTING PLACE ON THE CEILING -

FIND CLIFFORD VAN ESTER FOR ME - THEN RELEASE ALL THE CHILDREN THE DOCTOR CAPTURED!

YES, INDEED, SIR! RIGHT AWAY, SIR!

YES, SIR!

COME, CLIFFORD - LET'S GO HOME! YOU OTHER CHILDREN - YOU ARE GOING HOME TOO!

HURRAY FOR MARVELO! BOY HOME AGAIN!

HOME - AND MY MOTHER!

SEE THAT THESE BOYS ARE RETURNED SAFELY - OR YOU THREE SHALL SUFFER!

OH, WELL DO IT, SIR!

THE DOCTOR WAS THE ONE WHO MADE US KEEP THEM HERE!

I THINK WE'LL FLY HOME, CLIFFORD! WOULD YOU LIKE THAT?

WOULD I! I'LL SAY SO!

IN SHORT ORDER MARVELO IS HOME WITH HIS CAPTIVE FIND THE BOY HE WENT TO SAVE!

TAKE HIM ALONG BOYS!

YES, SIR!

CLIFFORD, MY BOY!

HOW CAN I THANK YOU! YOU HAVE DONE WONDERS!

NO NEED FOR THANKS I WISH I COULD SAVE ALL LITTLE BOYS WHO ARE KIDNAPPED!

THE END

MARVELO will amaze and mystify you by his feats of magic every month in BIG SHOT COMICS!



DIXIE DUGAN

By J. P. McEVoy and J. H. STRIELER.

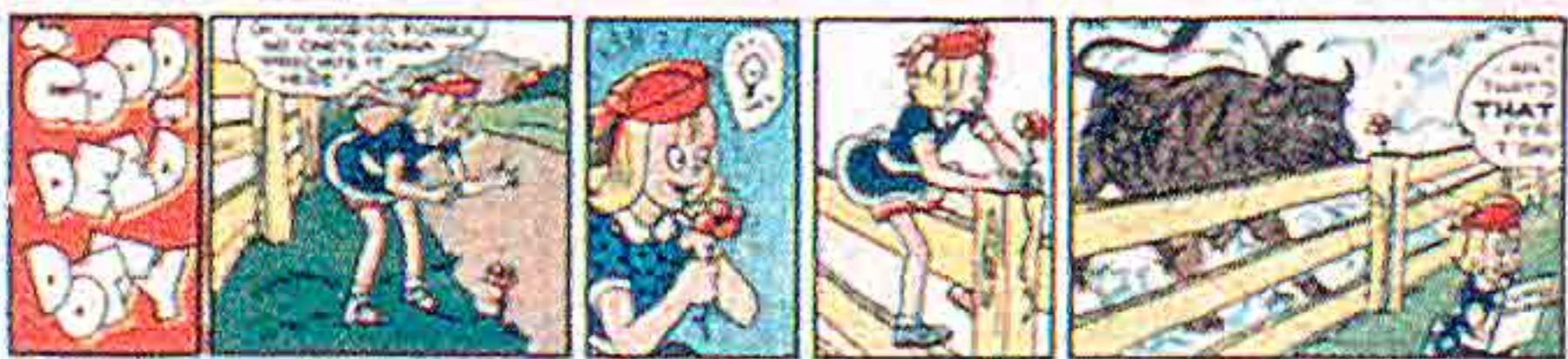




DIXIE DUGAN

By J. P. McEVoy and J. H. STRIEBEL





DIXIE DUGAN

By J. P. McEVoy and J. H. STRIEBEL



The humorous adventures of DIXIE DUGAN appear each week in every edition of BIG SHOT COMICS!



BIG SHOT STAMPS

NEWS REVIEWS FACTS



DO YOU KNOW—

THAT the first stamp ever issued, the one penny black, will be 100 years old this year (1840)?

THAT the first stamp ever issued is not the most expensive stamp in the world, for there are thousands in the catalog worth many times more? Scarcity not age creates value. That is why a current U. S. or foreign stamp with an error may be more valuable.

THAT overprint and surcharge do not mean the same? An overprint is an addition to the design of a stamp in the form of a word or words, a star or some other device. But when this design changes the original value of the stamp, making it worth more or less, then it is called a surcharge.

THAT the watermarks were put on stamps to prevent counterfeiting? Engravings, etc., on stamps can be duplicated, whereas watermarks are formed in the paper itself before the stamps are printed.

THAT several Central and South American countries release new stamp issues many times a year for the sole purpose of obtaining revenue from the sale of the stamps? A great number of the people of these countries can neither read nor write so the natives, for the most part, are illiterate people and Indians.

THAT the United States government prohibits the use of air mail stamps for parcel post? They must be used for air mail purposes only.

THAT when buying blocks of four mint U. S. stamps, it is advisable to get a plate-numbered block as there is but one on most sheets of 100 stamps and therefore are more valuable?

THAT in a recent survey among school children one out of every four or 25 per cent claimed stamp collecting their favorite hobby?

THE STORY OF THE STAMP



symbol of independence for the people of Connecticut and here is how it came about.

The story goes, that in 1687, the Connecticut settlers did not like the appointment of a certain Governor General of New England by the name of Andros. This Sir Edmund Andros came to Hartford and asked for the charter of the colony. At the meeting at which the charter was to be handed over, the lights were out and the charter stolen. The story continues that the charter was hidden in an oak tree and was not brought out until Andros was removed from office two years later.

The stamp is printed in rich blue and is the size of the current special delivery stamp. The design consists of a reproduction of the historic Charter Oak. Post Office figures show that 70,226,000 stamps of this design were issued and sold. It is worth while to get a block of these stamps as it appears to be one of the better commemorative.

NEJD (SAUDI ARABIA)

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ROCKY RYAN



ROCKY RYAN



AFTER HELPING TO BREAK UP THE OUTLAW BAND OF BHANU IN, ROCKY RYAN AND ROY SET OFF FOR BARRELLY ACROSS THE FLAT PLAINS OF KUSHRA, DETERMINED TO SOLVE THE PUZZLE OF ROY'S IDENTITY—

LOOK, ROY — THOSE SOLDIERS! THEY'RE BRITISH LANCERS!



DO YOU THINK THEY WILL KNOW WHO MY PARENTS ARE?



GREETINGS TO THE LANCERS FROM ROCKY RYAN!

ADVANCE, RYAN!



LIEUTENANT-COLONEL RICKRIDGE! I'M MIGHTY GLAD TO SEE YOU!

ROCKY RYAN! WHERE'VE YOU BEEN ALL THESE MONTHS SINCE YOU RESIGNED TO FIGHT OUTLAWS ON YOUR OWN?



TRAVELLING ALL OVER INDIA, I WANT YOU TO MEET MY COMRADE, ROY!

YOU LOOK FAMILIAR TO ME—THOUGH I'D SEEN YOU BEFORE!

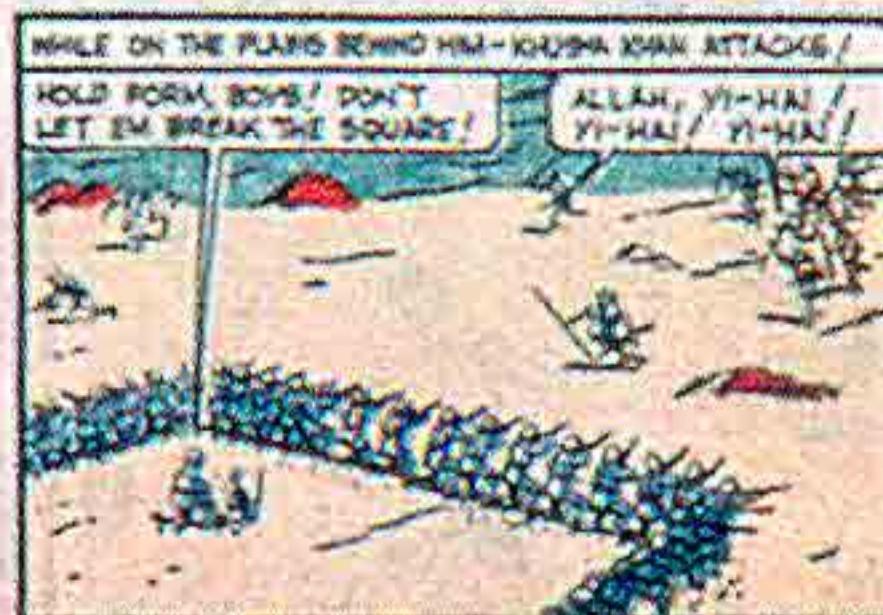
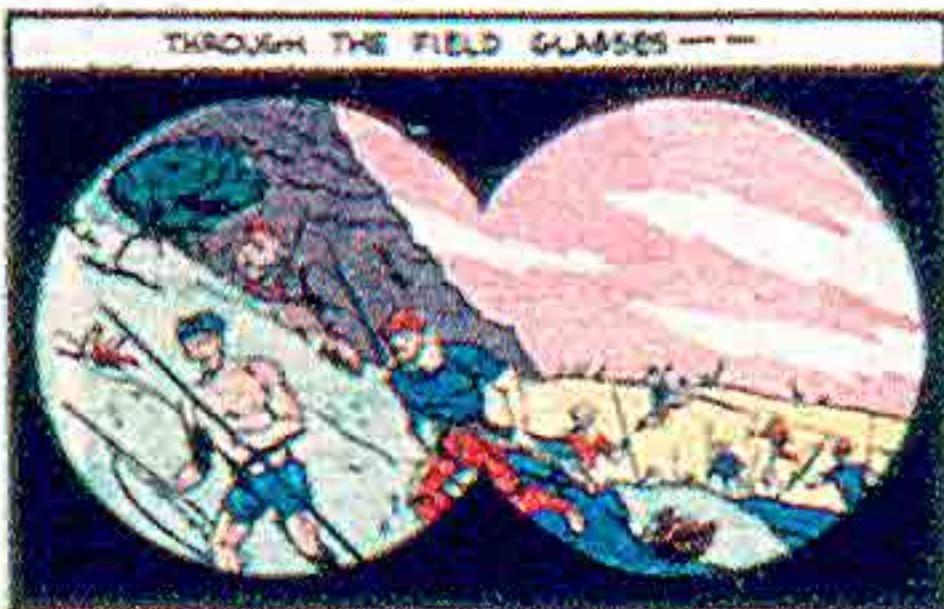
I DON'T THINK SO, SIR!

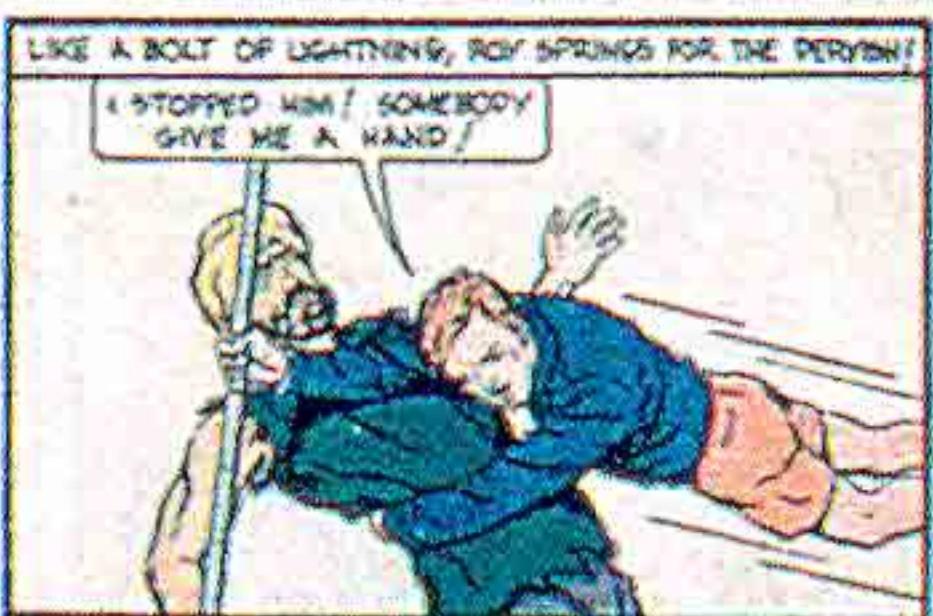
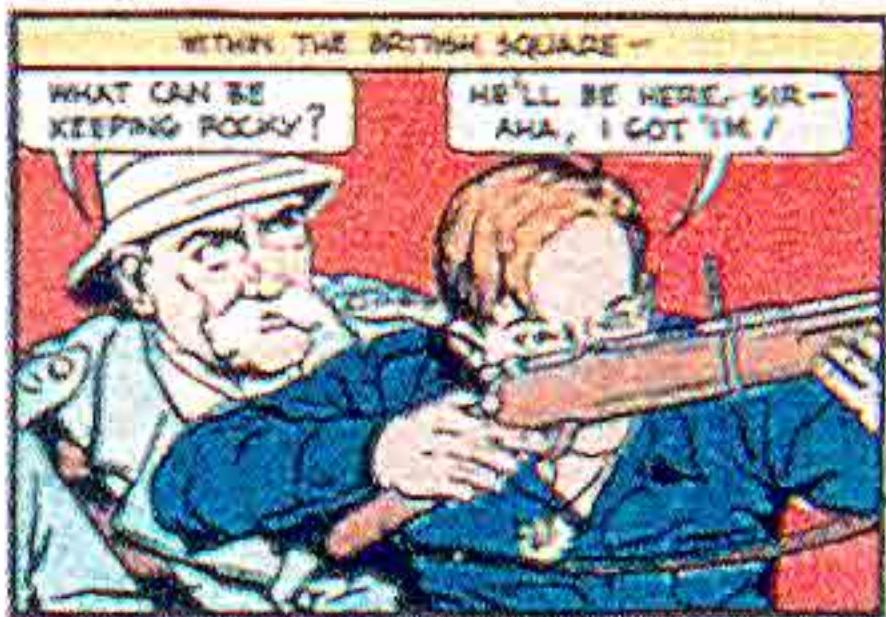


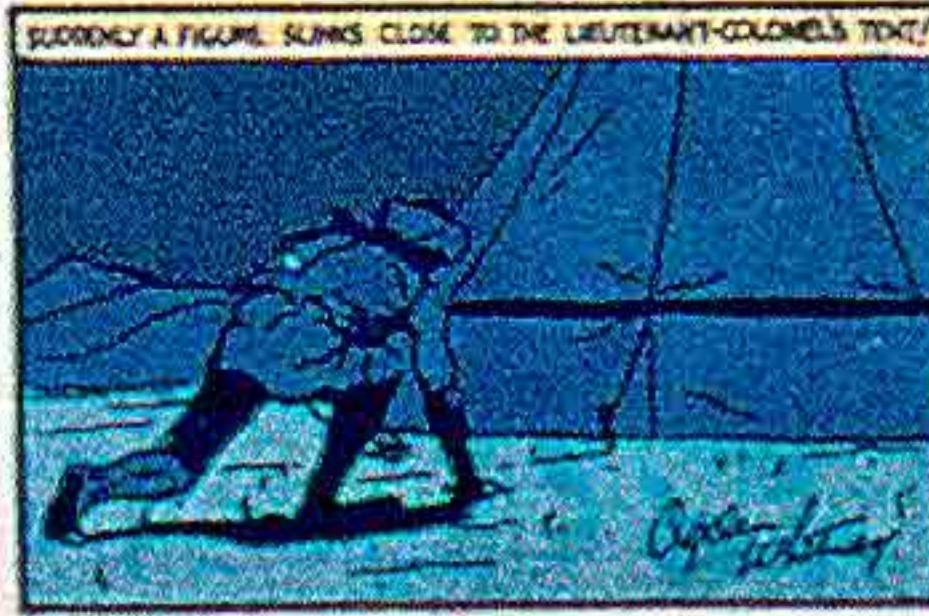
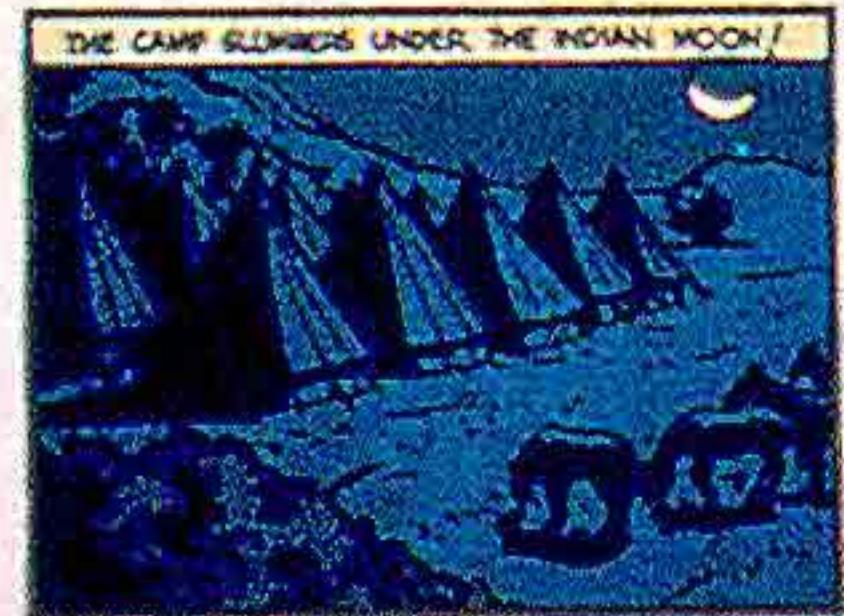
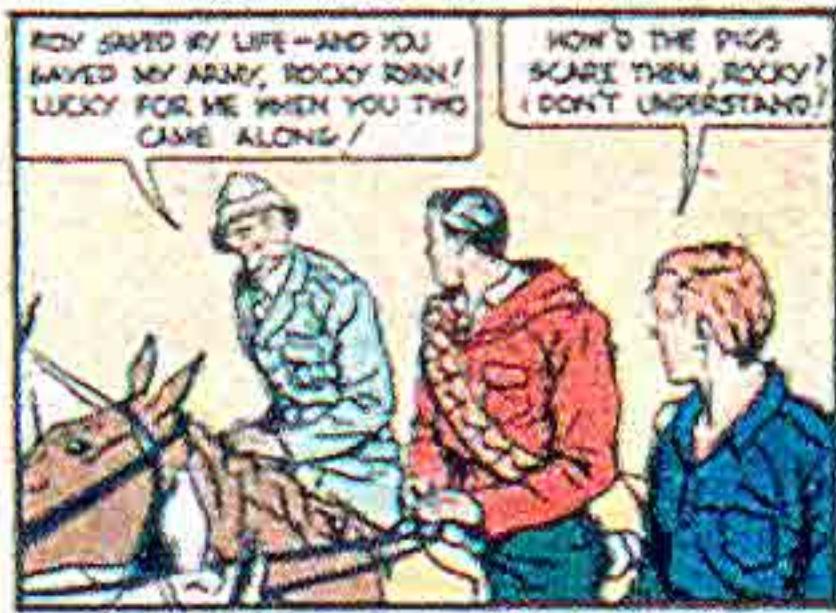
ROCKY—DO YOU SEE THAT LIGHT OVER THERE—LOOKS LIKE A SUNBEAM ON A SPEARHEAD!

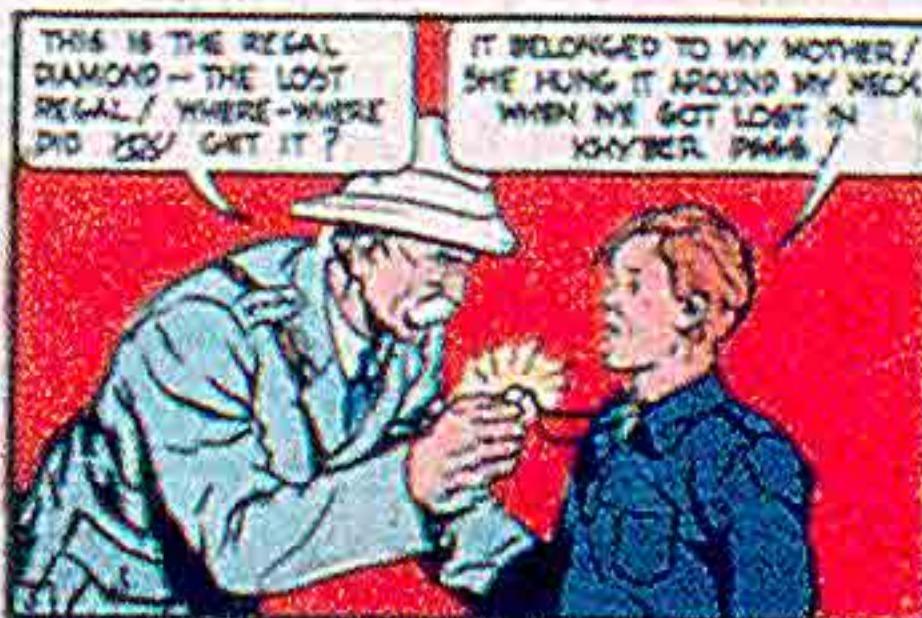
YOU'VE HIT IT, ROY—it's HIS SON, KHOSHA KHAN—with his mountain dervishes!

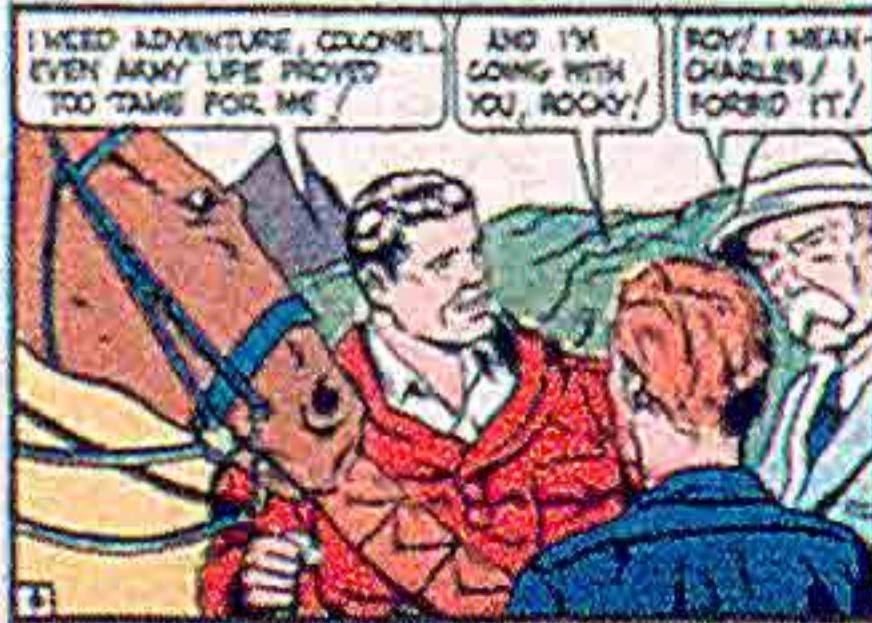
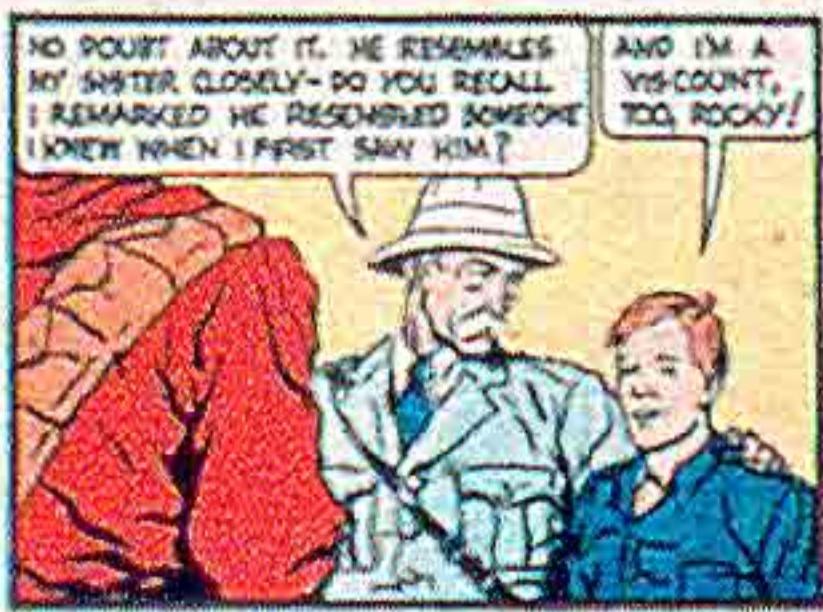






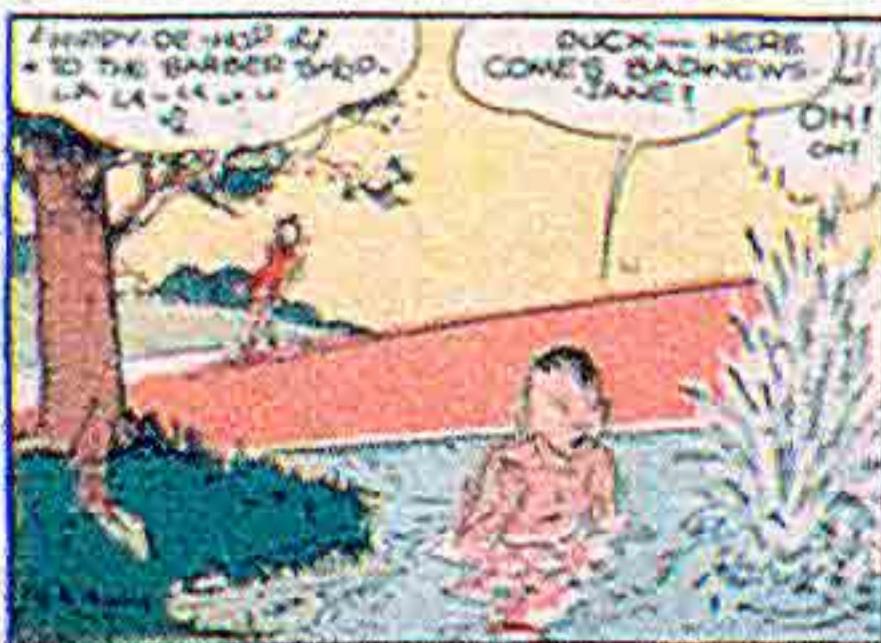


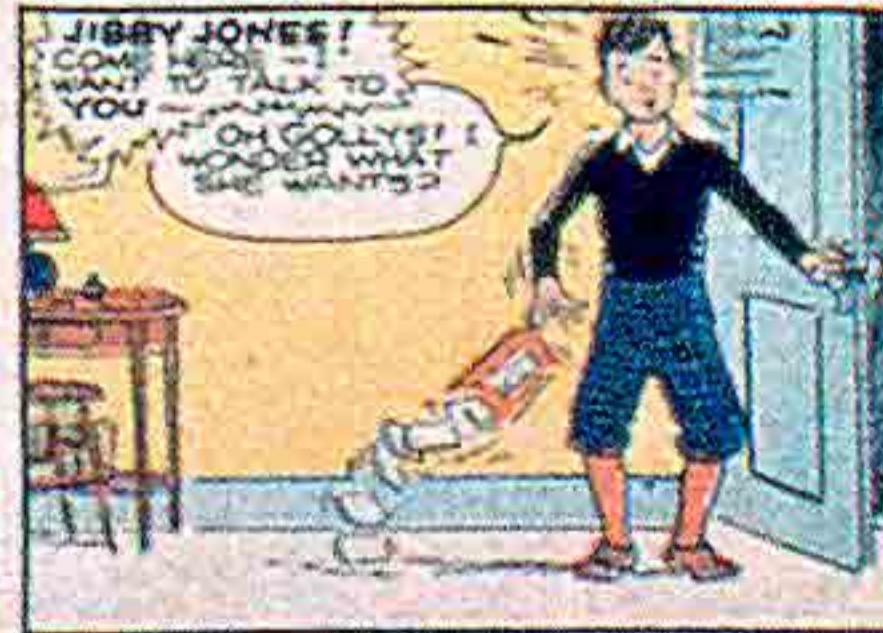




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CHAN

ON HOLLYWOOD,
CHARLIE CHAN IS
CONFRONTED BY A
BAFFLING MYSTERY.
SUSPECTING THAT
DEE LORING, THE
LEADING ACTRESS,
HAS BEEN POISONED,
CHAN HAS AN
AUTOPSY PERFORMED
ON A CAT THAT
DIED AFTER HAVING
EATEN PART
OF MISS LORING'S
LUNCH....



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AS THE TWO MEN TALK, CHARLIE'S
DUCK-EYE SOSSE VAN CASE DRAWS A
SLIP OF PAPER TO LOGO MANCE'S ...



WORK, CAN YOU
PERFORM PETTY LARCENY
ON LOGO MANCE? HE WOULD LIKE
VERY MUCH TO SEE PAPER
WHICH HE PUT IN BREAST
POCKET OF COAT!

AS MANCE
WALKS HIS
DRESSING ROOM ...

I COULD
PERFORM ALMOST
ANY CRIME ON
LOGO MANCE!
CONSIDER IT
DONE, CHARLIE!

J.C.'S
WANTING
ME
MANCE!

ALL RIGHT!
JUST I CRIMES
AT THE VOICE
OF THIS SORCE
J.C., TOO?

LATER...

In a few minutes,
MARK RETURNS FROM
MANCE'S DRESSING
ROOM ...

I GOT THIS PAPER,
CHARLIE - BUT IT'S
JUST A LIST OF
MOVIE STARS'
NAMES!



STEWART
DUANE
POWER
BROWN
HORTON
COLMAN
DONALD
MELVILLE
RENT

WHY THE HORROR
EXPRESSIONS, BOY?
CAN I HELP YOU?

NOTE PIECE
OF PAPER. DOES
IT HAVE SPECIAL
MEANING TO YOU,
DETECTIVE CASEY?



HEAVEN HELP US!
WE FOUND A SLIP LIKE
THIS IN MORDA HILL'S
HANDSAS THE DAY SHE
WAS MURDERED!



WHAT'S THE SLIP OF NAMES
WE FOUND IN MORDA HILL'S
PURSE THE DAY SHE DIED, CHARLIE?
NONE OF US COULD MAKE ANYTHING
OF IT, BUT WE KEPT IT AT
HEADQUARTERS!



HAW! IT IS SIMILAR TO
PAPER FOUND IN POCKET
OF LOGO MANCE!



CHARLIE, YOU ARE
FAMILIAR WITH
MOVIE STARS! DO
YOU KNOW FIRST
NAME OF THESE
FOOL?

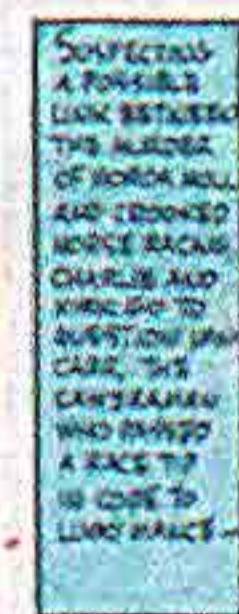
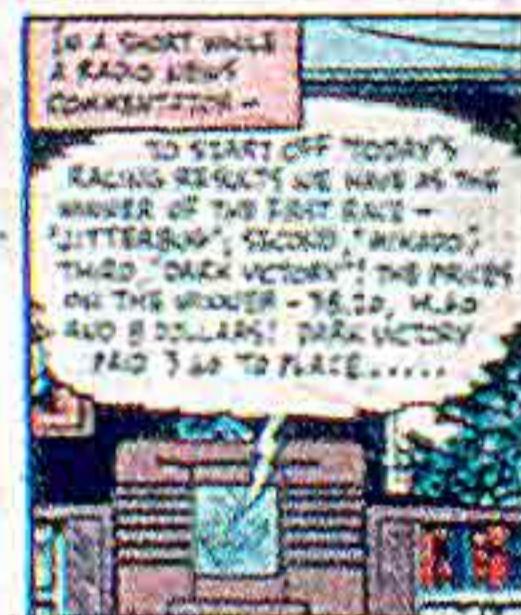
WHY OF COURSE!
JAMES STEWART -
DUANE DUANE -
TYRONE POWER.

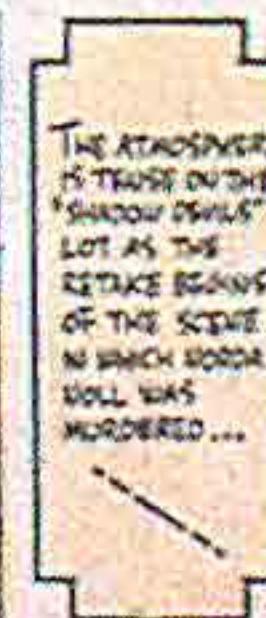
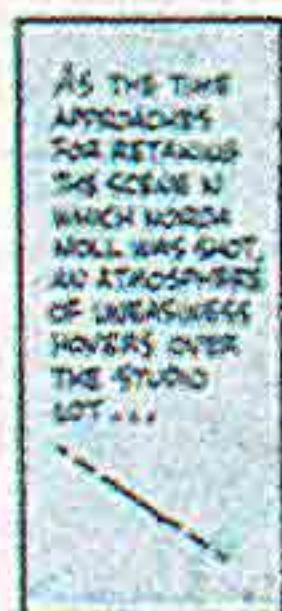


COMBINING THE TWO LISTS OF
NAMES FOUND ON MORDA HILL
AND LOGO MANCE, CHARLIE HITS
UPON A SURPRISING SOLUTION -

HAW! WHERE YOU SUBSTITUTE
INITIAL OF FIRST NAME FOR
LAST NAME OF MOVIE STAR,
IT MAKES WORDS!









Read CHARLIE CHAN'S startling solutions to crime in **BIG SHOT COMICS!**



SPYMASTER



SPY-MASTER

by
West
Daley

ONE UNITED STATES NAVY HAS GUARDED WELL ONE OF ITS MOST PRECIOUS SECRETS — THE MANNER IN WHICH THEIR AIRPLANE CARRIERS CAN LAUNCH THEIR FIGHTING PLANES SO SWIFTLY AND WITH SO MUCH EFFICIENCY! IT IS BY A SECRET DEVICE KNOWN ONLY TO A FEW —



YET SPIES ARE AT WORK TO LEARN THAT SECRET FOR OTHER NATIONS.

THE SECRET OF THE PLANE CARRIER MUST BE MINE. JAMES GREGORY KNOWS THAT SECRET — HE WORKS IN THE NAVAL BASE — FIND IT OUT FROM HIM!

IT SHALL BE DONE AS YOU SAY, LURA!

THAT NIGHT, JAMES GREGORY WORKS LATE AT HIS OFFICE DESK. THE DOOR BEHIND HIM OPENS QUIETLY...



A SILENT BLOW-DOWN FREE AT THE NAVY SUSPECTING GREGORY —

THIS WILL NOT HARM HIM — IT WILL ONLY PUT HIM TO SLEEP!



THE SILENT BLOW-DOWN IN GREGORY'S THROAT — PUTTING HIM TO SLEEP!

IT WILL BE A SIMPLE MATTER TO CARRY HIM TO THE LODGE!



THE NEXT DAY AT NAVAL HEADQUARTERS, GREGORY'S ABSENCE IS NOTED — AND THE FELL CALLED IN TO INVESTIGATE!

JEFF CARDIFF, YOU ARE KNOWN AS THE "SPY-MASTER"! I WANT YOU TO GO AFTER GREGORY — FIND OUT WHY HE WAS TAKEN FROM HIS OFFICE — AND BRING HIM BACK, SAFELY!

I'LL LEAVE AT ONCE, SIR!



NOT A CLUE TO GO ON — AND I'M SUPPOSED TO FIND GREGORY! WHAT A LIFE!



JEFF GOES TO GREGORY'S EMPTY OFFICE TO INVESTIGATE -

A GOLDEN CROSS! SAY - THAT'S SOMETHING! SEEMS TO ME I'VE HEARD OF THE GOLD CROSS SYNDICATE! HMM...

THIS MAY OR MAY NOT LEAD ANYWHERE - BUT I'M GOING IN AND ASK A FEW QUESTIONS!

GOLD CROS
NEWS
SYNDICAT

THAT MAN - LOOKS LIKE ME, EVEN TO MY CLOTHES! SAY, WHAT IS THIS, ANYHOW?

THIS IS A VERY CLEVER DUMMIE! AND THIS LETTER - ADDRESSED TO ME! I'M ON THE RIGHT TRACK ALL RIGHT!

JEFF OPENS THE ENVELOPE ADDRESSED TO HIM AND READS THE TALKING LETTER!

" - KNEW YOU'D COME HERE, SPYMASTER - SO I THOUGHT I'D GIVE YOU A TREAT! TOUGH LUCK!" IT'S SIGNED, "LURA OF THE GOLDEN CROSS!"

THE SPYMASTER MASTERS TO THE FILE DIVISION FOR INFORMATION...

GET ME THE FILE ON THE GOLD CROSS MEN'S SYNDICATE - DO YOU KNOW ANYTHING ABOUT 'EM? SEEMS TO ME THEY HAVE A LODGE UP IN THE ALLEGHENY MOUNTAINS, SORT OF WRITER'S CLUB, OR SOMETHING.

HE LEARNS FROM THE EXHAUSTIVE RECORDS THE U.S. GOVERNMENT HAS COMPILED THAT THE GOLD CROSS SYNDICATE HAS A LODGE IN THE MOUNTAINS...

RIDGE LODGE, EH? ALL MEMBERS OF THE GOLD CROSS SYNDICATE BELONG TO IT!

THAT LOOKS LIKE YOUR NEXT STEP, JEFF!

LURA AND HER GANG ARE GOING TO GET THE SURPRISE OF THEIR LIVES WHEN THEY SEE ME! SHE DON'T RECKON ON THE GOVERNMENT KNOWING ABOUT THAT MOUNTAIN HIDEOUT OF HERS!



ABSORBED IN A SIGNPOST, JEFF FAILS TO HEAR A CAR RACE TOWARD HIM —

FORKED ROADS!
NOW WHICH ONE
SHALL I TAKE?

— UNTIL IT IS TOO LATE!

THAT'S HIM
— GET 'EM!

OH-OH — THEY'VE
STARTED THE
FIREWORKS
ALREADY!

JEFF KETS ONE ASSAILANT —

BUT THE OTHER TWO LEAP FOR HIM IN THE MEANWHILE —

I'LL NAIL
YOU,
TOO,
SPYMASTER!

THE BLOW STUNNS JEFF MOMENTARILY —

YOU'RE PRETTY TOUGH,
G-MAN — BUT ANOTHER
DOSE OF THIS BUM-BUTT
WILL KNOCK YOU OUT!

BUT HIS STRONG BODY LETS HIM RECOUPERATE
QUICKLY!

NO YOU
DON'T —

FOOLED
ME, EH?

LET ME
FINISH HIM,
LURA!

LURA'S MENOMAN DROPS THE SPYMASTER
WITH A BULLET!

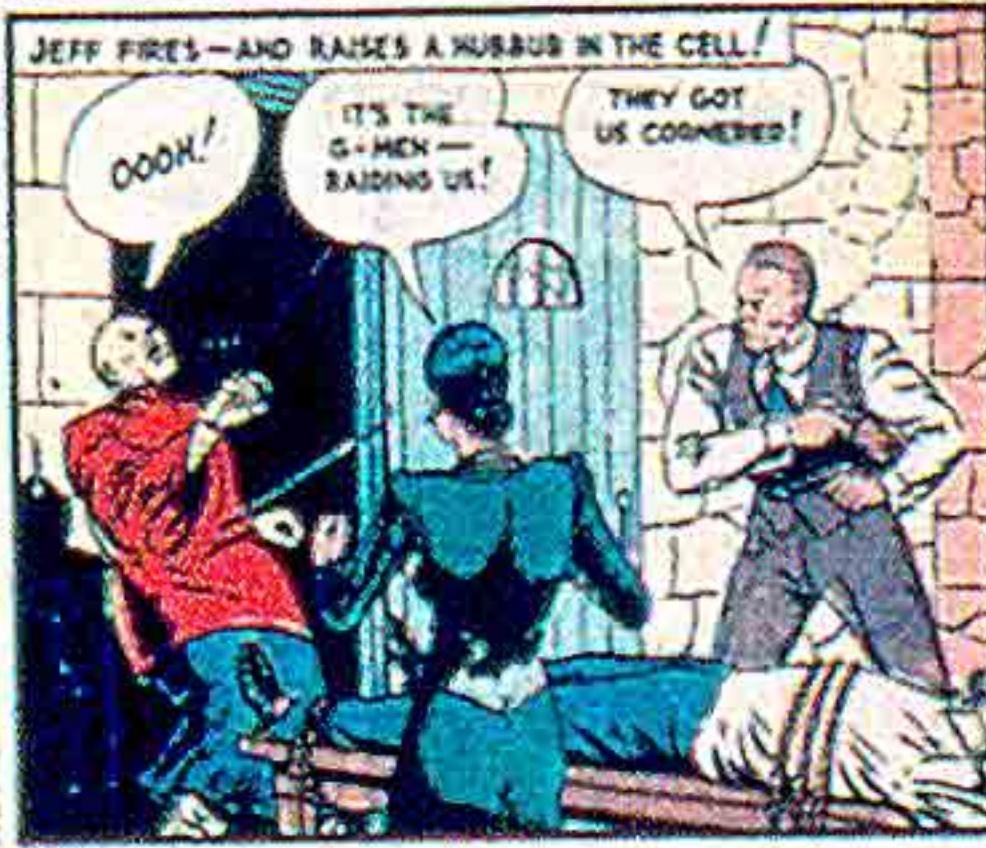
LURA! SO YOU
DRESSED AS A MAN
TO FOOL ME —

CHICK — YOU
SHOT HIM!

I HOPE YOU DIDN'T
KILL HIM — HE MAY
BE ABLE TO GIVE
US INFORMATION!

AW — I ONLY
STUNNED HIM
— I AIMED
FOR THE TOP
OF HIS HEAD!







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To help you even further, you get free with this special offer a 24-page booklet prepared by experts to teach you quickly how to type by the touch method. When you buy a Noiseless you get this free Remington Rand gift that increases the pleasure of using your Remington Deluxe Noiseless Portable. Remember, the touch typing book is sent free while this offer holds.

SPECIAL CARRYING CASE

The Remington Deluxe Noiseless Portable is light in weight, easily carried about. With this offer Remington supplies a beautiful carrying case sturdily built of 3-ply wood bound with a special Dupont Fabric.

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ALL ESSENTIAL FEATURES of large standard office machines appear in the Noiseless Deluxe Portable—standard 4 row keyboard; back spaces; margin-stop and margin release; double shift key; two color ribbon and automatic reverse; variable line spacer; paper feeders; make and break assembly; 10 lines per page; 4 1/2" wide with lines 8 7/8" wide. Black key cards and white letters, rubber cushioned feet.

MONEY BACK GUARANTEE

The Remington Noiseless Deluxe Portable Typewriter is sold on a trial basis with a money-back guarantee. If, after ten days trial, you are not entirely satisfied, we will take it back, paying all shipping charges and refunding your good will deposit at once. You take no risk.

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THE SKYMAN

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